Underground Germany Emerges *First-Hand Report*

New Masses

JULY 25, 1939 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Danzig Decides for Europe

WILL IT BRING WAR?

by Richard Goodman

Playing Politics With Peaee

by Paul G. McManus

The Future of TVA

by Joseph Butler

Cartoons by Gropper, Gardner Rea, Richter, Reinhardt, Ned Hilton

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

A YEAR ago July 27, Arnold Reid, NM editor, died in action near Villalba de los Arcos, while fighting for loyalist Spain. Edwin Rolfe's poem "For Arnold Reid," on page 11, was written three days after Arnold's death, at the spot where he was killed.

Arnold was well loved by the internationals, and by the Spaniards in his company. He acted as political commissar for his detachment in the Ebro action, indefatigably working with the Spaniards, particularly attentive to those who were still illiterate. His classes were well attended and his example in action won the admiration of the youngsters under his leadership. NM, proud of all the Americans who went to Spain, is particularly proud of this former editor who left his desk to take the gun.

Mike Gold will speak under the auspices of NM's Summer Forums, Sunday, August 6, at the camp, Followers of the Trail, on the subject "A Writer Looks at a Changing World." Samuel Sillen, our literary editor, has been at Green Mansions the past week delivering a series of Summer Forum lectures, "Review of the Contemporary Novel." This week at Camp Unity, John Sutton, prominent Negro chemical engineer and Howard University professor, speaks on "An American Chemical Engineer Looks at Industrial Expansion in the USA and the USSR." Mr. Sutton worked for several years for the Chemical Trust of the Soviet Union. His date is Thursday, July 20. At Camp Beacon, Associate Editor Richard Rovere will talk Sunday, July 23, as a labor journalist on "The American Press." Saturday morning, July 22, an unannounced NM representative will speak at Camp Lakeland.

Over the last weekend James Dugan lectured at Camps Unity and Lakeland on Hot Jazz. The records he played to illustrate his brief dissertation on the history, musical properties, and social importance of jazz, had, as they say in Harlem, "the joint jumpin'." Any parties who would like to have their summer idylls punctuated with this unusual concert lecture may make arrangements with NM's Summer Forum Department.

Dynamic Gardner Rea, one of America's leading cartoonists, contributes the fourth of his series of biographical interludes in the political life of Major Nertz of the Fascist Shirts to this week's issue. Further adventures of the major will enliven our pages from time to time.

A friend of ours who is considerable of a nightloafer recently got into the Stork Club by getting himself a crew haircut. He swears he saw a prominent Manhattan gossip columnist passing around an NM coin card which was rapidly filled. With this sort of thing going on among the smot set it doesn't behoove you rank-and-filers to hang on to the coin cards any longer. Even if your card is only half-filled send it on. The accountants want to clean up this week on the results of the drive.

The publishing business has its dog days before the dogs get theirs. Two large American journals, *Ken* and *Scribners,* looked ahead at what was facing them—the pernicious inertia of circulation, lowered receipts from advertising, etc.—and quietly passed away before the great heat came on. NM is in business for more than business, so we can't be licked by something that's just in the offing. However, it will please our friends to hear that we're holding our circulation and even gaining a little, in a time when a slight loss could be regarded as a gain. That doesn't mitigate all our problems though. We can't say that the advertisers have been cluttering up our anterooms. Moreover, circulation would have to take a tremendous jump to put us where we want to be.

But our readers can do it, if they go to bat for subs for us. One reader, for example, arrived from an overland auto trip from California with a fistful of subs he had taken from gas station and lunchroom hands en route. This is the kind of character we need for amassing ten thousand new readers by Labor Day, the core of a real mass circulation. If you haven't a book of blanks (twelve blanks for $1 and/or fifty-two weeks for $4.50) a card to H. C. Adamson, NM circulation manager, will bring them quicker than you can say, "NEW MASSES, America's Indispensable Weekly."

Who's Who

RICHARD GOODMAN is NM's European correspondent. . . . Ewald Recht is a German refugee now living in Paris who is working closely with the German underground movement. His article in this issue was translated by Herbert Rosen. . . . Paul G. McManus is Washington correspondent for NM. . . . Alvah C. Bessie, who served with the Lincoln Battalion in Spain for several months, is the author of *Dwell in the Wilderness* and of a forthcoming book on the American boys in Spain; his story in NM is from a chapter in the latter book. . . . Joseph Butler is a Washington newspaperman. . . . Edwin Rolfe, well known poetry and prose writer and a former member of the NM staff, was the NM and *Daily Worker* correspondent in Spain during the latter period of the civil war. He also saw active service in the Lincoln Battalion. . . . Bernard Walker fought with the British Battalion in Spain. . . . Henry Hart is on the board of the Book Union and is the author of a novel, *The Great One.*

Flashbacks

MEMO to the all-ism boys who in their wrath at the mythical crimes of the left forget the miserable crimes of the right. . . . Dayton Dean, Detroit trigger man of the Black Legion, confessed, July 21, 1936, that he and six of his anti-labor band shot a Negro war veteran just for the thrill of it. . . . The thousands of unemployed being dumped into the street this week to give certain congressmen a thrill may note the spontaneous activities of their unemployed brothers in the great crisis of 1877. Thousands out of work gathered on the Sand Lots in San Francisco, and soon organized into the militant Workingmen's Party.

Moissaye J. Olgin

Born in Russia, Mr. Olgin was educated in the universities of his native country, Germany, and America, receiving his Ph.D. degree from Columbia. He has resided in the United States since 1914 and has been active in the Communist movement in this country for the past eighteen years. In Russia his socialist activities began in 1903. Mr. Olgin, who is the editor of the "Jewish Daily Morning Freiheit," has written voluminously in Russian, Yiddish, and English. His English books include "The Soul of the Russian Revolution," "A Guide to Russian Literature," "Gorky," and "Trotskyism." He is also the author of numerous pamphlets, of which one of the best known is "Why Communism?"

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

Published weekly by WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., at 461 Fourth Ave., New York City. (West Coast Bureau, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Room 287, Hollywood, Calif.) Copyright, 1939, WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 15 cents. Subscription $4.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.50; three months $1.25; Foreign $5.50 a year; six months $3; three months $1.50. In Canada, $5 a year, $2.75 for six months. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped and self-addressed envelope. NEW MASSES does not pay for contributions.

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New Masses

VOLUME XXXII JULY 25, 1939 NUMBER 5

Danzig Cues the Baltic Plot

Hitler prepares to choke Poland with Danzig, then move into Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, while England stalls the Moscow pact . . . Hitler's game of Putsch and Take.

Paris.

When we speak of new soil in Europe, we can *in the first place* only think of Russia and the *border states.*—Adolf Hitler, in *Mein Kampf.*

TODAY tension in Europe is again moving to breaking point. Berlin messages, as I write, speak of a forthcoming visit of Hitler himself to Danzig—possibly between the 22nd and 25th of this month. Some thirty thousand armed SS and SA men are already in the Free City and each day new detachments are being poured in, by land and by sea. By the time Hitler's visit comes off—if it is allowed to come off—there will be as many as 150,000 of these imported shock troops, it is estimated, standing by ready to support the local Nazi gangs.

No one here has any doubt that, profiting from the situation created by the intolerable British and French sabotage of the Moscow negotiations, by Britain's failure to react with energy to the Tientsin provocation in the Far East—a provocation obviously geared in with the general plans of aggression of the fascist triangle—the Nazis are going all out to annex, in one way or another, the Free City to the Third Reich.

THE BALTIC STATES

Now it is generally known that, as the Soviet leader Zhdanov wrote in *Pravda* on June 29, "One of the artificially far-fetched 'stumbling blocks' in the [Anglo-Soviet] negotiations is the question of a triple guarantee of immediate help to Latvia, Esthonia, and Finland in the event of their neutrality being violated by aggressors." It is, therefore, not out of place here to examine this question of the Baltic states and, with it, the linked issue of Danzig.

Esthonia (covering eighteen thousand square miles with a population of 1,126,000), Latvia (twenty thousand square miles, population 1,195,000), Lithuania (twenty-one thousand square miles, population 2,476,000), and Finland (145,000 square miles, population 3,500,000) were all originally part of the czarist empire. Although they gained their independence as a result of the October Revolution, they are all today—with the exception of Finland—ruled by authoritarian dictatorships, which do not reflect the real wishes of the mass of their people.

Apart from the fact that they are all threatened from within by the Nazi-organized and Nazi-subsidized "fifth columns," which count among their members individuals actually in the various governments and even in the general staffs, none of these countries is in a position to defend itself from a German attack from without, as the table on this page shows.

Thus in one year, Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania together are able to spend on defense only as much as Great Britain spends in three days. Easy enough plums for Hitler to pluck—unless their neutrality is guaranteed by the great democratic powers. And ever since the last war German imperialism has been trying to pluck them.

As early as 1918, as a result of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, German troops not only occupied but annexed these countries. And even after the Armistice, German "irregulars"—for example, von der Goltz' gangs—continued to terrorize the Baltic democrats under the pretense of "protecting" them from the "Bolsheviks" and were not expelled from the Baltic states until 1920.

NAZIS DON'T WANT NEUTRALITY

Nor, despite the cackle, is Hitler Germany anxious for their neutrality in the strict sense of the word. This was proved conclusively enough in 1934 when the Soviet government proposed a joint Soviet-German declaration guaranteeing this neutrality—a proposal which was flatly rejected by the Third Reich (April 14, 1934). Since then additional proof has been forthcoming.

When Hitler and Chamberlain were fixing things up at Berchtesgaden on September 15 last year, the German chancellor declared "that he was glad to leave the Memeland as it was so long as the statute [guaranteeing Memeland's independence] was observed by the Lithuanian government." Lithuania did observe the statute, yet six months later (March 23, 1939) Memeland was forcibly seized, after Lithuania had been threatened with total occupation unless she capitulated.

The recent "non-aggression" pacts between

Zaetz

DEFENSE BUDGETS OF THE BALTIC COUNTRIES

Even this lack of strength must be further discounted against the Nazi-subsidized "fifth columns" in these countries which include government officials and even members of the armies' general staffs

ESTHONIA	LATVIA	LITHUANIA	FINLAND
ARMY IN PEACE	ARMY IN PEACE	ARMY IN PEACE	ARMY IN PEACE
11,000	25,500	22,500	28,000
ARMY IN WAR	ARMY IN WAR	ARMY IN WAR	ARMY IN WAR
100,000	150,000	150,000*	310,000
AIRPLANES	AIRPLANES	AIRPLANES	AIRPLANES
140	150	220	230
ANNUAL BUDGET	ANNUAL BUDGET	ANNUAL BUDGET	ANNUAL BUDGET
$5,175,000	$8,000,000	$16,250,000	$20,000,000*

* ESTIMATED

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the Third Reich and Latvia and Esthonia —signed while the British were sabotaging the Soviet pact—are the latest steps toward the complete political and economic subjection of these two countries to the aims of Nazi imperialism. Formally "guaranteeing" the "neutrality" of these two states, these pacts are of no more value to the Letts and the Esthonians than were the promises made by Berlin to the Austrians, Czechs, and Lithuanians. In fact, they provide Hitler with an excuse for occupying their country whenever he wishes.

GERMANY'S PURPOSE

The reasons behind this Nazi push in the Baltic are obvious. German occupation of Latvia and Esthonia would bring the German armies within seventy miles of Leningrad and would cut all rail communication between Leningrad and the rest of Europe. Moreover, occupation of the Esthonian island would help the Third Reich to dominate the Baltic and, by blockading the Gulf of Finland, sever all sea communications with the USSR.

The threat to Poland is equally clear. With the Baltic states under Nazi control, Poland would be surrounded by the Nazi armies on three sides. She would, as a result, be unable to implement her obligations either to Rumania or to Great Britain.

As the Warsaw correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* put it, in the March 21 issue: "If Germany occupied Lithuania it would become strategically difficult, if not, indeed, impossible, for Poland od ssist Rumania if her alliance required her to do so."

But besides immobilizing Britain's ally Poland and threatening the USSR, such German occupation would also guarantee to the Third Reich in time of war the unrestricted import of the vitally important Swedish iron o[illegible]across the Baltic.

[illegible]e Bal-

A German occupation of Finland—or even a pro-Nazi regime there cooperating militarily with the Third Reich—would be even more dangerous. Leningrad would then be brought within the range of the Nazi guns and the Gulf of Finland could be completely blockaded. At the same time the Nazis would gain a submarine base at Pechenga and would thus be able to attack Anglo-Soviet shipping via the North Sea and Murmansk.

THE ALAND ISLANDS

Coveted equally with the Baltic states and Finland by the Nazis are the key Aland Islands. These islands—about eighty of which are inhabited and about one thousand uninhabited—lie midway between Sweden and Finland and, although inhabited by Swedes, now belong to Finland.

Their position makes them the key to the military control of the whole of the Baltic and for this reason their demilitarization and neutralization have been regarded as of general European interest for nearly one hundred years. For by the Treaty of Paris which followed the Crimean War in 1856, czarist Russia, which had obtained the islands from Sweden in 1809, was compelled to demilitarize and neutralize them.

In 1914, however, Russia, fearing a German attack on the islands, fortified them and then at the end of 1917 Germany did seize them, using them, as had been anticipated, as a stepping stone for full military intervention in Finland.

Immediately after the war—on Dec. 30, 1918—the Soviet government agreed with Sweden and Finland to demilitarize them once more. Then on Oct. 20, 1921, a commission of the League of Nations reached a general European agreement by which the demilitarization should be recognized as permanent, and the neutrality of the islands guaranteed internationally. Of all the Baltic coun-

McGill

IMPORTANT LINKS IN THE ANTI-AXIS CHAIN. *Danzig is part of the Baltic problem. That city in the hands of the Nazis spells the end of Poland as an independent nation with Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia immediately falling under German domination. The Aland Islands, owned by Finland, would give Germany complete military control of the Baltic Sea and, without guarantees from the democratic powers, Finland could not attempt to defend herself against a grab by the Nazis. German occupation of Finland itself would bring Leningrad within range of Nazi guns. The USSR, therefore, is not exactly quibbling when she insists upon including the Baltic states in any collective security plan with England and France in addition to those border states on which the negotiators have already reached an agreement and which are shown in the lightly shaded areas.*

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tries only Soviet Russia was excluded from this agreement.

Today, with the growing German menace in the Baltic, it is more than ever desirable that this status of the islands should be maintained. But Finland, actuated by somewhat obscure motives as we shall see, has now declared her desire to refortify them. With Sweden, she brought the matter to the recent session of the League Council.

Ostensibly Finland's idea is that the islands should be refortified because of the Nazi threat in the Baltic. But consider the situation a little more closely. Finland is unable and knows that she is unable to stand up to Germany without the active assistance of the USSR. If, however, she refuses to cooperate with the USSR it is almost certain that the Nazis would be able to seize the islands, which, already fortified, could be immediately used to blockade the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland. In this situation the refortification of the islands would be in no one's interest except Hitler's. On the other hand, if Finland really intends to stand up to Germany in the anti-aggression front, i.e., collaborate with the USSR, why should she refuse, as she is doing, to inform the Soviet government of the nature and significance of the proposed fortifications? When one adds the fact that it is known without any shadow of doubt that the majority of the members of the Finnish General Staff are 100 percent pro-German and anti-Soviet, the situation becomes a little clearer.

For this reason the USSR asked the League Council to defer consideration of the Finnish proposal until Finland has informed her of the significance of the intended fortifications. To this the League agreed and there for the moment the matter rests. It should be added, however, that Sweden now appears to be beginning to understand the Soviet apprehensions and has provisionally withdrawn her support from the Finnish plan. The Aland Islanders themselves are very strongly opposed to the whole idea.

THE LINK WITH DANZIG

How, then, is all this question of the Baltic linked with the Danzig problem?

The fact of the matter is that a free Danzig means a free and independent Poland, while a German Danzig means the end of Polish independence and thus of Baltic independence. To safeguard the Baltic states two things are absolutely necessary: a free and independent Poland, that is, the continued existence of the Free City of Danzig, and a guarantee of the neutrality of the key Baltic states—Latvia, Esthonia, and Finland—by the three great democratic powers.

Covering only 754 square miles, Danzig has a checkered enough history. Ruled by the Teutonic Knights from 1308 to 1454, by Poland from 1454 until 1793, by Prussia from then on until 1807, it was a free city for the first time in its history from 1807 until 1814, falling again under the Prussian yoke and remaining so until 1919.

With a population of 407,000—96 percent of which are Germans—Danzig was reestablished as a Free City under the League of Nations in 1920, Poland being given special rights in questions of foreign policy, customs, and rail communications. The only changes since 1920 have been to Germany's advantage.

In the first place the Nazis have been allowed to violate the constitution by setting up a totalitarian dictatorship without first obtaining the necessary two-thirds vote required to change the constitution; second, the high commissioner has relinquished all his rights to interfere. Thus today the only remaining German "disabilities," if they can be so called, are that (1) the railways and customs are under Polish control—for a very good reason as we shall see immediately; and (2) German army units—but not Storm Troop detachments—are still excluded from the Free City.

Ad Reinhardt

"Really, we have no intention of encircling you."

That the customs and the rail communications should be Polish-controlled is obvious for the simple reason that all the river and rail communications of the Free City lead into Poland and there are no direct rail communications with East Prussia and only one road link. Thus the economic prosperity of the city is entirely dependent on Polish trade —which, incidentally, has increased by four times since 1924—while, simultaneously, Polish economic prosperity is also dependent to a considerable extent on Danzig trade (latest statistics, December 1938, show that Danzig was the channel for 28 percent of Polish exports and 23 percent of Polish imports).

A German occupation of Danzig would, therefore, destroy 100 percent of Danzig's trade and 25 percent of Poland's trade. But the cession of Danzig to the Third Reich would only be a beginning. There is no doubt either in Warsaw or here that it would lead to the fortification of Danzig on the lines of the recent fortification of Memel; the use of Danzig as a naval base to blockade the only Polish port of Gdynia—perhaps even the annexation of Gdynia; and thus the complete economic and therefore political subjugation of Poland to Germany—for Gdynia and Danzig together handle over 60 percent by weight of Poland's total trade.

SOVIET DEMAND JUSTIFIED

The importance of Danzig and of the Baltic states in the collective organization of peace and freedom is, then, quite clear; and the Soviet demand that the neutrality of the Baltic states—Esthonia, Latvia, and Finland —should be triply guaranteed is justified.

Why, then, is there all this difficulty? The British have claimed that these Baltic states do not want to be guaranteed because this might "compromise their neutrality." Presumably their neutrality would not be compromised at all if they were occupied by the Reichswehr. But let that pass. As ex-First Lord of the Admiralty Winston Churchill has recently pointed out, the independence of these states is as important to the USSR as is the independence of Belgium to Great Britain; and a declaration by the Belgian government that it no longer needed the British and French guarantee would not stop Britain from going to war to prevent Belgium from falling into the hands of Germany. Moreover, as Zhdanov has himself pointed out, when Britain really wants to guarantee another country she always finds ways and means quickly enough.

In any case, Britain has not always shown herself so touchy about the "neutrality" of the Baltic states. Else why should she have concluded, about ten years ago at least, secret agreements with Esthonia and Finland for the use of the airdromes in those countries for British planes operating against the USSR in the event of a German-Soviet war?

RICHARD GOODMAN.

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The German Underground Emerges

Ewald Recht reports the opposition rising in Germany, in factories, the army, the streets. How tough is the Siegfried Line?

Paris.

THERE has been a change of air inside the Reich in recent months. This new atmosphere dates back to September 1938. During the crisis of that month, the machinery of violence of the Nazi regime was unable to keep the mass of the people within the bounds of mute obedience—for the first time since the establishment of the totalitarian dictatorship. During the days of great uncertainty and fear which preceded Munich, for the first time in five years groups of persons could be seen in the streets, in trolley cars, in factory yards—discussing. Fear of war, hatred of the regime, anger against the thousand laws depriving the subjects of National Socialism of their freedom and living standards—these all burst suddenly from within this sad, silent mass which seemed to be completely enslaved and ready to follow the orders of Der Fuhrer.

For the first time since the destruction of the trade unions and the illegalization of the Communist and Social Democratic Parties, an important movement of opposition can be felt in the big factories in Germany. The ranks of the illegal anti-Nazi groups have been ngthened by thousands of disillusioned DAF officials, and proletarian members of the Nazi Party. All impartial observers, all eye-witnesses of the recent events in the German factories, believe that there is a strong, mass opposition among the workers which is only awaiting the right situation to appear openly, but already active underneath the surface of German life.

BY RADIO FROM RUSSIA

In the Gestapo reports on the attitude of the workers in the huge Rheinmetall factory, an entire chapter is devoted to "the growing number of secret listeners to the Soviet radio, evident from the growing number of discussions and conversations on subjects treated by the said radio the night before." The reported victory of Munich and the subsequent foreign successes were unable to calm the underground ferment. The conception long held by the critics of the Nazi regime, which seemed out of place to a foreigner, that foreign victories wore out their effect with terrific swiftness, has been confirmed by all experiences since September 1938.

"How do you explain the strange fact that the Nazi regime must speed up more and more its attempted aggressions and expansions? How do you explain the fact that the return of the Saar lasted the Nazis for more than a year, while the occupation of Austria furnished a success sufficient only for six months, and the annexation of the Sudetenland was 'used up' in five months?" These questions were asked of a German deserter who presented himself to Rumanian frontier guards two weeks after the invasion of Bohemia and Moravia by the Reichswehr. Without needing to reflect he replied, "Glory, conquests . . . they don't matter within a country. Think of France during the First Empire. Napoleon had conquered almost all Europe. He had covered France and his army with honor and glory. And still the Parisian populace acclaimed the troops of the czar, the king of Prussia, and the Austrian emperor as liberators when they entered Paris, beflagged as if for a victory, after the defeat of Napoleon."

SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER

Since September 1938 sudden tremors of fear shake the German populace. In the hearts of these people, who are being prepared by the Nazi leaders for war, there dwells the fear of carnage, the fear of defeat. Hitler and his General Staff know this very well. Der Fuhrer made his noisy visit of inspection along the Siegfried Line in order to dissipate these suspicions and fears. That is why the Nazi press constantly describes in violent and bombastic language this "invincible line of fortifications which will halt every attack." To reassure a profoundly worried people, the radio, the movies, all the machinery of Dr. Goebbels, repeats for weeks in infinite variations phrases such as "the invincibility of the Third Reich" and "the military superiority of the axis."

But fear continues. It is even transformed into anti-Nazi propaganda and acts of sabotage. I know of several examples, instances related to me by eye-witnesses whom I have known for a long time and whose reports are absolutely reliable.

A chemical products factory in Central Germany: Here indispensable raw materials are used for production of large-caliber shells. In September an air-raid alarm started a panic. The following day the appearance of a German Air Force plane caused another. The plane was taken for a Czechoslovakian craft. Immediately shouts of alarm spread through the shops. "Run for your lives! The Czechs have replied to our declaration of war by a bombing raid!" Ten thousand workers fled the shops, broke through the factory gates, and fled into the countryside. In March 1939 the same spectacle. The siren whistle of a locomotive was the "starting signal" for an extraordinary panic. Other panics followed in the months of April and May. The Gestapo appeared. The instigators of the trouble were sought, but they were not found. And yet, in the April and May panics, there were certain symptoms of "artificial" aggravation and acceleration. The workers not only left the shops, but many of them "accidentally" lost tools or caused considerable damage to the machinery.

Each of these disorders was followed by a period of ferment among the people in the entire district. Discussions on the war policy of the government, on the danger to the population in the interior of the country, on the disastrous outlook for a war, caused a kind of fever which the Gestapo could suppress only by extraordinary efforts and violence.

Despite the newspaper articles and radio speakers, large sections of the German people are convinced that the Siegfried Line is not worth much. Hundreds of anecdotes and "confidential stories" are going around. Indeed, the results of Hitler's visit were terrifying. Just a single short incident relating to this problem: In a big cement factory in Thuringia, the DAF (German Labor Front) organized a series of lectures on the greatness and strength of the Reichswehr. High officers and speakers from the Ministry for Propaganda lauded the Siegfried Line. After the last lecture the factory employees found in the yard a model of a fort with a sign: "The Siegfried Line, built in the record time of eight months, destroyable in a record time of eight hours!" The model, of reenforced cement, actually showed deep gaps and breaks of the kind seen in buildings hastily thrown together with badly mixed cement.

One of the conscript workers on the Siegfried Line who deserted to France explained to his questioners that the Gestapo made more than two hundred arrests in a single labor section in search of the authors of an extremely effective and not easily visible type of sabotage. Just enough sand had been added to the concrete mixture to make the final product subject to breakage and shock.

ARMY DEMORALIZATION

Desertions, an extraordinary sign in the German army, stopped after Munich. They began again following the occupation of Bohemia. It is not only the harsh discipline and often inadequate food which causes the young soldiers to desert.

"What's the use of serving a cause doomed to collapse?" one of the most recent deserters told a Polish sentry who questioned him. "You can smell disaster in the entire policy of our leaders. Think of it, we conquered Austria, the Sudetenland, Bohemia, and Moravia, and after all this our Fuhrer tells us, 'We must export or perish!' and 'The great trial is still before us.'"

Instead of replying, another deserter showed the inside of his military overcoat. It was stamped "Do not wash!" There are

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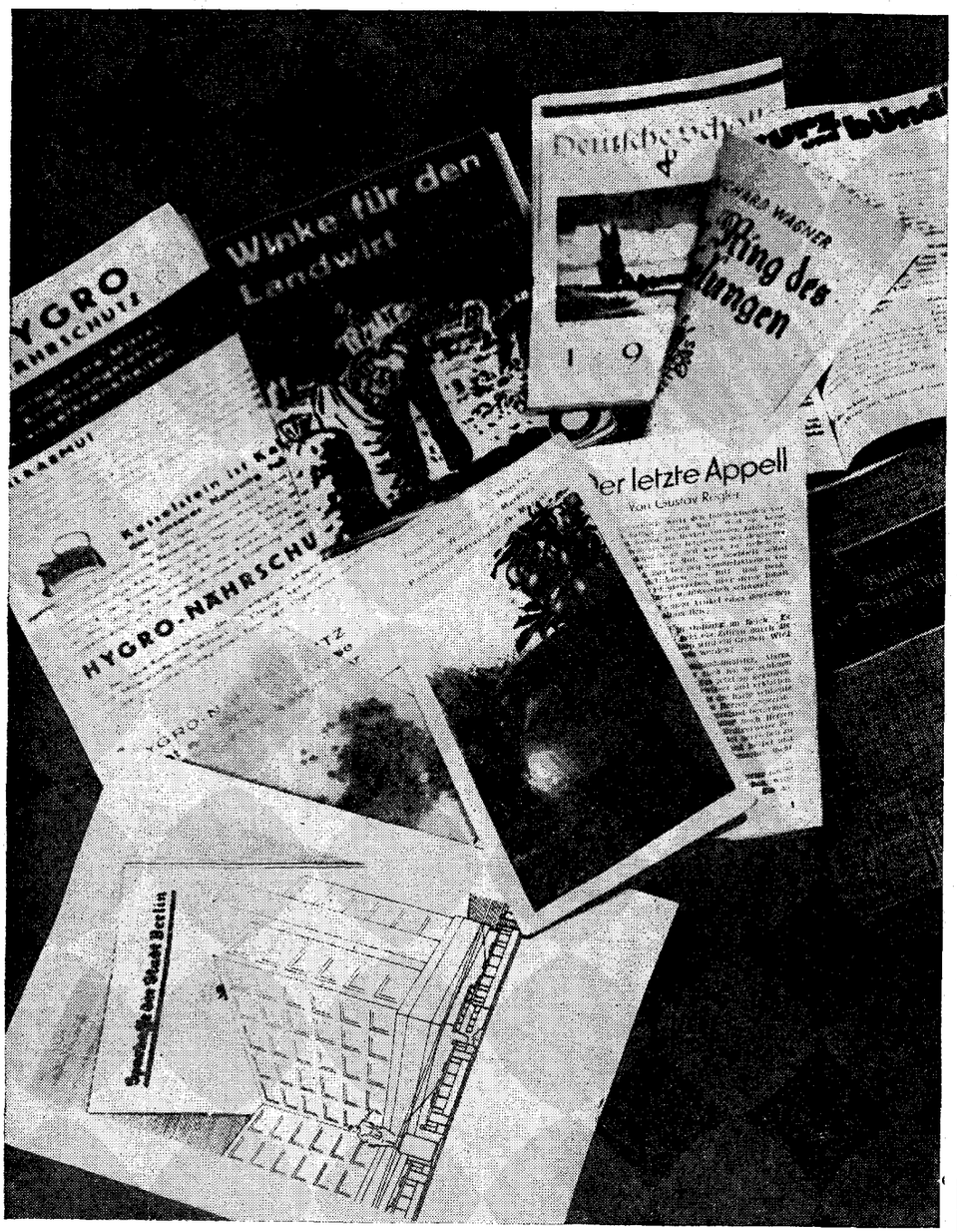
hundreds of "grouchers" among the soldiers of the army of occupation in Bohemia. There are innumerable cases of secret fraternization between the soldiers and the Czech populace. The soldiers tell the people, "Do you think we came willingly?" or "We understand your hatred, we would feel the same way if anybody came into our country without being asked."

There are many signs of a rebirth of working-class consciousness of its role and strength. Labor demands are being sharpened and increased. In most of the large factories in the Westphalia region, the DAF has not dared to organize a meeting in the past nine months because each meeting became a more or less open demonstration against the Nazis. The workers pick up the old Nazi slogans such as "a fair wage!" or "dignity of labor" to demand an improvement either of wages or working conditions. Heavy industry, which inspired the extension of the working day from eight to ten hours, has retraced its steps by reestablishing the eight or nine hour day, having learned that the quality of work went down with the extension of working hours.

The discontent of the social strata which until now were blind partisans of the Nazi regime (handicraftsmen, small business men) is reaching serious proportions. In the search for manpower for the armaments industry, the Nazis are "combing out" the workers from the small handicraft shops. Handicraftsmen are no longer permitted to receive supplies of raw materials, whole trades are abolished and stores and shops are closed to furnish labor to the big arms factories or fortifications battalions.

A mute, deep anger is taking hold of thousands of "little men" who are deprived of their trade, of their "individual freedom," of their living standards, to be thrown into factories and the labor camps working on the fortifications.

The speeches of the leaders of the German handicraftsmen's organization prove that the regime is aware of this new opposition. The big propaganda campaign of May was directed against "those who place their small personal interests above the national cause." The Nazi press tries to pacify the panic resulting from the governmental measures designed to "abolish one-man enterprises." The *Voelkischer Beobachter* published an article entitled "No one should fear disappearance of all enterprises of less than five persons" and at the same time directed "a stern warning to those who profit by the situation to sow fear and panic, which amounts to high treason."



TODAY'S GERMAN LITERATURE. *The only literature worthy of the name in Germany today is the material distributed through underground methods by anti-fascists. In some part of each of these leaflets—ostensibly advertising or cheap editions of classics—is propaganda against Nazism, usually in small print, sometimes interlarded a sentence at a time inside the other material. Notice the tomato seeds. The package contains a pamphlet with articles by Gustav Regler, Lenin, Thomas Mann, Stalin.*

INTELLECTUALS FIGHT HITLER

The opposition is no less among the intellectuals. The great propaganda campaigns of Goebbels clearly indicate the forms in which this opposition is expressing itself. Goebbels waged his first spring propaganda campaign this year against the "silent men in the country" *(Die Stillen im Lande)*. These "silent men" remain aloof from litical life, do not wish to participate in "national and National Socialist life," and so carry "the germ of disintegration into the national community."

The latest meeting of the *Reichskunstkammer* (the Art Chamber, the highest Nazi art organization) was devoted in large part to discussion of the problem of the "flight of painters from contemporary life." One speaker denounced the fact that "among the six hundred pictures in the great Cologne exposition, there are only fifteen on themes of the new Germany."

The *Reichsschrifttumskammer* (the literature organization) discussed the question of "why most German writers are interested in the past."

And at the congress of literary critics (whose job, as a result of a Goebbels decree, is no longer criticism but the contemplation of literature) the representatives of the Nazi Party vehemently attacked "the individualists," the "seekers after byways," and the "outsiders par excellence," who, according to a Nazi watchword, make "a program of social and political abstinence."

In a period of accentuated lack of labor power (while the entire Nazi press campaigns for deflating the bureaucratic machinery), the Gestapo troops and the Death's Head Bands of the Schutzstaffel Storm Troopers have been strengthened by 125,000 men . . . all destined for use inside Germany.

EWALD RECHT.

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William Gropper

"What a blow to Roosevelt!"

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Playing Politics with Peace

Vengeful Senator Gillette about-faces on embargo to cut off discussion of American foreign policy. The weekly Washington letter.

Washington.

TALL, silver-haired, corn-fed Guy M. Gillette, junior senator from Iowa, had the opportunity on Tuesday, June 11, of proving himself a statesman. Instead he ended up in the gutter. For Mr. Gillette held in his hands the power to bring before the United States Senate for open discussion the vital and all-important question of America's foreign policy. With the vote tied at eleven to eleven in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, it lay with him to cast the final ballot and thus either bring the Bloom bill to the floor or shelve it, and along with it all discussion and revision of our position in world affairs. Mr. Gillette voted to shelve.

Now, if Guy M. Gillette were a traditional isolationist by record, and preferred our present democracy-imperiling embargo program to any rational effort to bring about world peace, his vote might be above suspicion of ulterior motives. But the senator from Iowa has long been a forthright advocate of repeal of the embargo. He has fully appreciated its hampering effects upon American foreign policy, and its devastating menace to the peace of the world. He has said so in private and in public. He assured this writer in the early days of last month that he wholeheartedly opposed the present laws and would infinitely prefer the complete abolition of all legislation attempting to set a preordained course for American diplomacy. He even went so far as to draw up and sponsor his own bill to repeal the embargo laws and restore to the executive branch the power to guide our international affairs—a measure which, in this correspondent's opinion, was even preferable to the administration's Bloom bill.

MR. GILLETTE'S REVENGE

And then, last week, came Mr. Gillette's golden moment. He could bring all this good solid conviction to fulfillment—or he could prostitute his principles, ignore his country's welfare and perhaps even sacrifice world peace, to vindicate an old animosity. And what did Mr. Gillette do? He harked back to last November when the administration, for very good reasons of record, opposed his renomination in the Iowa primaries and threw its weight behind more progressive Otha Wearin, and he decided that this was the moment for sweet revenge. His principles? Nothing. His country? Dirt. Mr. Gillette was out to knife the New Deal, and any such petty obstructions would have to bear the brunt.

There is this to say for Mr. Gillette—he has had plenty of precedent set for him when it comes to sacrificing principles, platform, and national security for the sake of planting a blade between the New Deal's shoulders. His blood brothers, the Republicans, gave one of the best exhibitions of the technique some two weeks ago in the brief but bitter squabble over monetary powers. Upon that memorable occasion, they scrapped their opposition to government "spending" to join forces with silver-state senators maneuvering for an increase in the federal subsidy to silver producers. Not that they were particularly interested in the fate of the silver staters, but they hoped to rally (and for a time they did) silver-state support to their filibuster against renewing Roosevelt's authority to devalue the dollar.

More and more the turning of the political wheel reveals that the oppositionists in Congress, regardless of name, are perfectly willing to be hot one minute and cold the next, left one minute and right the next, cooperationist one minute and isolationist the next, abandoning policy, principle, and public welfare to satisfy petty hates and serve reactionary political ends.

ADMINISTRATION TACTICS

At the same time, at least one sharp word must be said about the unpleasant tactics the administration has been employing recently in its efforts to stem this tory tide. Two issues stand paramount to all others of this session of Congress—relief and neutrality. And the administration has fumbled badly on both. Apparently somewhat intimidated by the fierce anti-WPA campaign waged in the early days of the session by the Woodrum-Taber inquisition, President Roosevelt attempted to palliate the "boys" by slicing the size of his requested appropriation and himself lopping relief rolls by approximately one-third. As a conciliatory gesture it accomplished wonders—for the tories. For it enabled them to shift their attack from the size of the appropriation to the method of its administration—a much more difficult issue upon which to rally popular support. That being done, it befell administration leaders in the House to battle the crippling tory amendments. But leaders Bankhead and Rayburn fought with only half a vigor, and it is whispered that they are not too sorry about what happened. When an aroused public finally forced the Senate to make a few rectifications, the fine hand of Jack Garner could be seen in the appointment of Senate conferees who adopted the bulk of the original House proposals.

Even more serious blunders have been made in the fight on neutrality. After allowing the Foreign Relations Committee to fumble along for months with protracted hearings and even more protracted recesses, and after finally forcing both House and Senate to admit that their thinking was as confused on the issue as any thinking could be, the administration made the mistake of requesting the set of minimums incorporated in the Bloom bill. Not only did that bill seriously underestimate the sentiment of the country, but it made the further political error of entering the battle as a *minimum* requirement, with no leeway left for give and take, for political horse-trading.

TIMID FLOOR LEADERS

And those errors made, the floor leaders proceeded to fight for their bill by running away from it. Refusing to accept the premise of international cooperation upon which the measure was (more or less insecurely) founded, they declared that the bill would make us *more* "neutral," *more* isolated than any other bill. When Bob Allen of Pennsylvania introduced a substitute measure to repeal all neutrality legislation and return full diplomatic authority to the White House as the way out of a complicated dilemma, and when that bill began to gather more and more support—from Republicans as well as Democrats—the State Department itself intervened to quash the movement, fearing lest it would fail and at the same time endanger the welfare of the Bloom bill. And when, in the heat of floor battle the Vorys amendment renewing our embargo on arms and munitions was adopted despite administration opposition, the floor leaders skulked around seeking legislative loopholes whereby they might fight it yet avoid a roll call on the vote. By wearing the label "We Are Afraid," they sought to defeat the enemy. In the Senate, too, the committee hesitated, postponed, and delayed, openly revealing its fear of the small band of senators who threatened open war.

It is not that the administration has lost its grip. When the showdown on the monetary bill came, and the issue was to be won or lost, Roosevelt put on fighting armor, the reactionary coalition was split, and the devaluation power was returned to the White House. Those tactics could have saved WPA. They can still, at this late date, save the Bloom bill. A strong arm can serve progress as well as reaction, and when dealing with turncoats and tories, one can't afford to be dilatory.

PAUL G. MCMANUS.

Excuse It, Please

ON JUNE 6 Mr. Tinkler, a Lancashire business man in Shanghai, was fatally wounded by Japanese marines at his mill in the Chinese section of the city. Upon official British protest, a Japanese spokesman apologized deeply, explaining that the British gentleman had been wounded when "he came in contact with the bayonets."

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In the Line of Fire

The second part of Alvah C. Bessie's story about the American boys who fought with the loyalists in the Spanish civil war.

Just before dark Dick received a message from the battalion which read: "Advise that enemy is expected to attack on your right flank; place a machine gun out on your right with instructions not to fire till they are fifty meters from you." He decided to send Ben out with the machine-gun squad, since he had been over the terrain twice that afternoon, and to hold the squad's corporal, Hy, on the hill.

Sid still had the bandage around his head, and it kept slipping over his eyes as they ducked down the back side of their hill and along through the woods that bordered the olive field. He was short and slim. But the sniper had seen them moving off the hill and was following them through the woods. They moved in fits and starts, ducking around and under the low spruces, caught in the brambles, scratching their hands and faces. Ben was praying for the sun to set, but it still seemed high over the western hill.

They reached the point where they would have to cross the open space and looked at one another. There was Sid, small and frightened, and the black, wet face of the Negro, Johnson (my God, thought Ben, he must be fifty years old!), and they crouched there near the opening, waiting for each other to suggest some way of getting across. The bullets were hissing high or cracking low, and Sid said to Ben, "You're stronger than I am; suppose you take the gun and go across first."

Ben took the light gun in his arms like an infant and faced the hundred meters of ploughed earth ahead of him. He took a deep breath and, crouching low, started to run. He was crouched too low, felt himself falling, stumbling, lifted his head and shoulders so that he could stretch his legs further, zigzagged stumbling over the heavy clods of plowed earth, thinking, "Fifty meters is awful close; if we wait till they get that close——" Dick had said, "Bring the gun back, and come back yourselves."

The fascist machine gun spoke and the dirt kicked up around him; he ran, seeing the little wooded clump ahead swaying and bobbing toward him, wondering if the others were right behind. He reached the dubious shelter of the wood and flung himself flat upon the gun, his face dug into the hard ground. The machine-gun bullets were snarling overhead and he lay there waiting, holding his breath, for them to stop. Twigs and leaves dropped onto his head. He looked behind, saw where the slugs were kicking up the dirt, whining off the stones like a plucked piano-string. No one had followed him, so he lay face downward on the gun, trying to go to sleep. Then they came panting, almost grunting with the effort, and threw themselves down around him, Johnson dropping the shovel and the machine-gun pans, which clattered on a stone. And after awhile the fascist gun stopped firing . . .

. . . They sat in the heavy darkness, tending the gun that faced up the valley, waiting. It was so quiet that for a time they whispered about the possibility of the battalion moving off without them, but there was no reason for the battalion to move. It had taken two hills that day (was it only one day!) and there was nothing to worry about. They scouted about individually in the dark, and Ben found a fine white blanket that Sid said he'd have to leave there. They couldn't smoke; they couldn't talk. There was a mongrel dog that followed them around, sat down when they sat down, and occasionally barked. It got on Sid's nerves and he said he'd kill the beast. They deliberated over this, decided that it would not be wise to shoot it, and no one had the nerve to stab it with a bayonet. "That damn dog will give us all away," Johnson said (you couldn't see him in the dark), and mumbled quietly to himself. But no one came; they listened till their ears hurt with listening, and no one came.

"I'll lead the way back," Sid said, and started confidently off. "Wrong way," Ben said, but Sid said nothing. "You're going the wrong way," Ben said, and Sid stopped, waited for him to come up closer and then said, "I'm in command of this squad." "Okay," Ben said, "but you're going the wrong way anyhow."

They picked their way up the side of a hill, slipping on the exposed stone, dead tired and aching from the long day's tension. Johnson was carrying the gun, moaning quietly to himself. When they reached a halt on the side of the hill, he said, "Comrade, this comrade says you're going the wrong way, comrade. He brought us out here; maybe he ought to know the way back. Maybe you better let him take us back, comrade. I'm done in," he said and sat down with the gun cradled in his lap . . .

. . . Ben fell asleep remembering them plodding along home (home!), stopping in the darkness and listening, moving carefully around the shrubs and over the rocks. The smell of sagebrush was strong, sweet in the night. Then he heard the voice, Hy's voice saying quietly, "Ben . . . Sid . . . Ben . . . Sid . . . Ben . . . Sid," and they came up to him, sitting there alone on a stone in the moonless dark, waiting for them. "Dick was worried about you," he said. "He sent me out to find you but I didn't know where you were."

Then the night was alive with sound; the machine-gun bullets were whacking and whining all around and the curious echo was sounding that sounds across an open space when guns are firing. It was like water washing on a cliff below. Ben lifted his head cautiously and looked out from under the blanket; the ridge opposite was bright with rifle fire, pink electric stars going on and off, and there were many bursts of grenades falling like roman candles off the fascists' hill, plopping, plopping. They seemed to be holding a celebration there, but Hy, who was lying next to him, said they were just jittery. Ben reached for his rifle, pulled it under the blanket, which gave him the illusion that he was somewhat protected, and working the bolt, stiff with the cold, he held it to his shoulder and fired. The flash and the roar startled him, and he put the rifle down, lying with his head cradled in his arms till the flurry should die down.

It was not yet light when Hy woke Ben, saying, "We're moving to another position; Dick wants to talk to you." It didn't exactly make sense to Ben, but Dick said, "Manuel here'll take you to a hill. I want you to sit on that hill and look up the valley; you'll be a rearguard scout. Watch for anything that turns up; there'll be other comrades on the other hills; if you see anything, let us know."

Then a group of them moved off in the dim light, down off the hill and back up the valley to a point where the juxtaposition of four hills made a right-angled crossing of the valley, and Ben climbed the one that was indicated to him, found a sheltered spot under a young pine and, with his rifle propped between his knees, stared fixedly up and down the valley. There was nothing to be seen.

The sun came up and the clouds burned up in its flame; the sun stood high over the quiet hills and it was good to sit in the sun after the chill of the long, exhausting night. Ben knew that soon he would go to sleep, and wondered idly if it were really possible to prop your eyelids with toothpicks. He shook himself and turned his head slowly from one side to the other, his eyes looking but seeing nothing. What is she doing now? he thought, and does she think of me? It required a concentration almost beyond his powers to focus his eyes on any given point and watch that point; he nodded. (Of course, she's still asleep.) He nodded and awoke, hearing the battalion truck moving up the valley toward headquarters, the responsible standing on the running-board of the cab, a rifle in one hand. He thought of the coffee, the bread and marmalade in the truck, and his stomach started to clench and unclench like a fist. He watched till the truck came back down the valley an hour later, and the dust cloud behind it had settled. In the distance there was a little artillery and there was the throbbing of airplane

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motors, but no plane came over. He nodded asleep and woke again.

But I really don't know any of them, he thought; nothing about them. Slowly, as in a parade, he reviewed them in his mind: the battalion commander, tall, wearing a fantastic black cape and a wool hat and long mustachios; Dick, a printer; Hy, a printer too; Luke from the West Coast and Hal from the West Coast, and the Spanish boy, and Sid from Ohio and Johnson from the South and a multitude of other Americans from the West, New England, from Chicago and Florida, from Philadelphia and Minnesota, Texas. They did not know each other but there they were, closer together than men who have known each other a lifetime; separate but bound, sharing what they had and didn't have, knowing nothing of each other. What brought them? (He saw Luke, tall, thin, moving down the valley alone, looking to right and left and behind, and around the further hills.) Conviction and certainty. What had they left? Their past lives, their future, carrying their own unhappiness within them, their own uncertainties; seamen and clothing workers, clerks and artists, students and fathers of families. The phrase he had heard so many times—"united in a common cause"—meant everything, and it meant nothing. For you could not hold an abstract idea in your mind at the front. You became aware at moments that the idea had never disappeared; that it was behind everything you did, behind the necessity you felt to do the job and do it well. It was something you did not talk about, nights in the shallow shelter of a few rocks; it was something taken for granted.

All that day he sat under the pine tree, nodding and sleeping, waking and watching, his stomach a dull ache within him, alone but surrounded by unseen comrades. The sun declined over the western hills and he thought again, despite exhaustion and hunger and discomfort, of the beauty of this country; of the people he had seen with their lean, eager faces; the children begging for bread in Barcelona, Valencia, in the small towns; people they had come thousands of miles to help, but of whom they rarely spoke, out of embarrassment and fear of appearing sentimental. These people stood behind them all. (He saw Luke coming back from his patrol, every line of his body, tiny in the distance, drooping with fatigue, but alert, still alert.) There was the smell of the pine pitch and the hot sagebrush and the sight of the terraced hills that represented thousands of years of superhuman labor, and the tumbled rocks and the theatrical cloud formations. The war seemed very far away and it was difficult to think of what might be happening in other sectors of the same front; the artillery was like summer thunder in the distance; the distant airplanes droned but did not appear; there was a rare burst of machine-gun fire far away.

Late that afternoon of the endless afternoon he saw Manuel coming down the valley fast, carrying something in his hand, and when he got to the intersection of the valley the Spaniard waved. Ben could spot the other comrades coming down off the other hills, and he unbent his stiff limbs and started sliding down. Manuel stood patiently waiting for them, and when they reached him he put his hand into the paper bag he was carrying and gave a handful of *avellanoes* to each of the four men who had been sitting rearguard on the hills. They started to crack the nuts between their teeth. "Come," he said, "we are going," and they fell in behind him, moving off down the valley till they came to the dirt road.

They all kept looking to the right, to the left, behind; there was a feeling of suspense; a feeling that something was going to happen any minute. Further ahead, down the road, Ben could see a large body of men standing, sitting, lying near the great whitewashed stone house he knew had been the brigade first-aid post. No one said anything; no one asked any questions, but they knew they were moving; moving fast. Ben saw Hy seated beside the road, the light Russian machine-gun at his side. His funny face was unshaved, his hands were dirty; he said nothing. The place was loud with commands; small groups of men moving forward and back, threading their way between the tired men, seeking their units. "First company, this way!" "Scouts and machine-guns up ahead." *"Cola! cola!"* the tired men joked, leaning on their rifles. "Who ever saw the Fifteenth Brigade do anything right?" someone said.

For Arnold Reid

Killed in action near Villalba de los Arcos, Spain, July 27, 1938

Deep in this earth,
deeper than grave was dug
ever, or body of man ever lowered,
runs my friend's blood,
spilled here. We buried him
here where he fell,
here where the sniper's eye
spotted him and everything
in a simple moment's
quick explosion of pain was over.

Six feet by two
measured the trench we dug,
ample for body of man ever murdered.
Now in the earth his blood
spreads through far crevices,
limitless, nourishing vineyards for miles around,
olive groves slanted on hillocks, trees
green with young almonds, purple with ripe figs,
and fields no enemy's boots
can ever desecrate.

This is no grave,
no, nor a resting place.
This is the plot where the self-growing seed
sends its fresh fingers to turn soil aside,
over and under earth ceaselessly growing,
over and under earth endlessly growing.

EDWIN ROLFE.
(Near Villalba, July 30, 1938)

Ben moved up to the head of the disorganized column, found Luke and Hal sitting beside the road, sat down beside them. He looked at the tiny butt in Luke's long, stained fingers, and Luke handed it to him. Hal was staring at his feet; the tall American commander was down the road, conferring with brigade officers, looking twice as tall as normal in his long black cape, stained with red dirt. They were looking at a map. He turned to the men, raised his hand and said, *"Batallon! A formar!"* It was growing dark. He waved his arm, said, "Let's go!" and the men who had been sitting, lying beside the road, picked themselves and their equipment up and shuffled along in the dust of the eroded path, moving downhill. The head of the column halted and men bumped each other. Angry voices said, "Get going; pick up your feet; get the lead out," and the column moved on again, stumbling down the hill toward the main road.

When they reached the hard surface they fell in again, covering off with weary arms, dropping their arms again like lead. Apprehensive of *avion*—for they felt exposed on the open road—they glanced up and around. Hal brought Ben up to the head of the column, saying, "The battalion command will be a few meters behind you; I'm going ahead; maintain contact between us." His blue eyes were watery, red around the edges. Ben was glad he had not been put out on the flank (Luke was); he was so tired he knew he could not have maintained the extra speed required to move up and down the hills that bordered the road, while the battalion marched on the even surface. They were moving south, toward Gandesa, away from the lines they had taken the morning before. Were they retreating? Why? It was dark now, and in the direction of the town the sky was momentarily lit by wide bright flashes and the rumble of the summer thunder sounded from directly ahead. There's a fight . . .

"Contact!" Hal said ahead, and Ben trotted forward. "We're passing the place where we entered the lines yesterday morning," Hal said. And Ben trotted back down the road toward the battalion commander, wishing he could have waited at the side of the road till he came up. When he saw his tall figure in the dark, he saluted, saying, "We're passing the place where we entered the lines yesterday morning," and turned on his heel, moving back toward Hal. On the way he passed Hy, trudging with the Dikterouv over his shoulder, Sid and Johnson behind him, carrying the pans. There were other machine gunners he had not seen, men

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from the brigade machine-gun company, packing the detachable parts of their heavy Maxims, bent to their loads. It would have been easy, in the dark, to have abandoned the scouting job, fallen in with the main column.

"Contact!" Hal said. "Contact, God damn it, where are you?" Ben trotted ahead, staggering on his legs, his chest aching, his shoulder sore from the weight of the slung rifle. . . .

This is a general retreat, Hy thought. The machine gun was heavy on his shoulder; his shoulders were so sore that there was no place he could rest the gun without feeling it cut into his flesh. Johnson was too tired to change off; it was all he could do to carry the three pans of ammo and the short handled shovel; Sid was somewhere far behind. He was aware that something had gone wrong; he had heard a rumor that the battalion had been surrounded, but he refused to believe in rumors. Certain it was that they were moving back, but he was disconcerted by the sound of artillery ahead . . . the rumors might be right, he thought. That would be a fine how-de-do; first time in action, surrounded, captured, killed. He thought of his folks in Flatbush; he hadn't written to them for a week or so.

The battalion turned off the main road to the left, onto a dirt road, and then halted. The men flung themselves down behind him, falling asleep immediately. He lay with the [illegible] in the crook of his arm, like a sleeping child, and when Ben passed by he called to him.

"Listen," he said. "Why don't you join this machine-gun squad?"

"I'm a scout," Ben said. "You can't change jobs like that."

"It won't make any difference," he said. "I'll tell Dick when I see him that I asked for you; I'll take the responsibility."

Ben thought, He wants someone to carry ammo for him, but that's better than running back and forth all night. He thought, There are half a dozen scouts anyhow; I can do it for the balance of the night. "All right," he said. They lay by the side of the road in the black night, sharing a small butt under the cover of a blanket. Around them, the other scouts and the brigade machine gunners were sleeping; it was quiet except for the distant gunfire; it was black except for the distant flashes that were not bright enough to light the surrounding fields.

"What's up?" Ben said. "Where are we going?"

"I don't know," Hy said.

"I'm pooped," said Ben.

"Yo tambien."

"Maybe we're retreating."

"Nonsense," Hy said.

They lay there a long time and they must have been asleep, for they both awoke, hearing Hal's voice saying, "A fine bunch of scouts you are. The battalion's moved off without us; you've lost the battalion."

Other voices spoke. "How could it?" "Where's it gone?" "Nobody gave us any orders." "You said to stay here and we stayed here."

"Skip it," Hal said, and they saw him move off the road into the shelter of a roofless stone hut, where he consulted with some other scouts over a map held in the dim glow of a flashlight. They were in there a long time, but neither Ben nor Hy could summon the curiosity to overcome their great fatigue. They rose out of sleep automatically at the word of command and started off behind the leading men, Ben carrying the gun and Hy the machine-gun pans he'd taken from the Negro, Johnson. They were content to be led; they did not question the command or even wonder where they were going. They were intent only on keeping up with Hal and Luke, who cut off the dirt road and into a field that led uphill. The artillery sounded in the distance and they picked up their feet and put them down, aching in every muscle, yawning from moment to moment, changing their respective loads from shoulder to shoulder.

It's true, Hy decided; we've been cut off and are going to try to get back through their lines. He recalled that when the new replacements had come up from the training camp, he had listened, at a political meeting, to an explanation of the first part of the retreat from Belchite. There had been sabotage; some ranking officers had faced the firing squad. It's happened again, he thought, but no excitement stirred in him at the prospect of the struggle that must come when this band of perhaps eighty men had to make a run for it through fascist lines. He only knew that each lagging step was carrying him nearer to a point where he would either succeed or fail for good. Johnson took the Dikterouv from Ben, who was grunting at Hy's heels and occasionally sighing. There was a comrade ahead who was walking in his sleep, his feet carrying him to the right, away from the straggling line of men. Hy quickened his pace for a moment, and grasping the man by the arm, brought him back in line. The man said nothing but soon started moving steadily toward the right again. The leaders called a halt. . . .

. . . It must be late as hell, Ben thought; it must be almost morning, and they had been marching, walking, stopping, marching, walking since just before dark. He felt the weight of the three machine-gun pans in the sack at his side; they bumped and swung around to the front, and he adjusted the strap again. He had called Johnson an hour before, but he was gone. "Johnson's gone," he said to Hy, and Hy grunted. He wondered what he would do with the pans, now that there was no gun for them. He supposed Johnson would turn up sooner or later, but if they needed the gun —then he was aware that his mouth was open, his tongue hanging out, and he started to giggle. His mind spoke to him, saying, I've read somewhere that you can get so tired your mouth will hang open but I never believed it. Yet it was definitely open; it was easier to let it hang open than to close it, and when he did close it he soon found it open again. A long way from home, his mind kept saying, be it ev-er so hum-ble it's a long way from home, be it ev-er so hum-ble a long way from home. What is she doing? he thought, and what is she doing? If it's three o'clock now it's ten o'clock there and maybe she is in bed with someone and maybe she is having a beer in the tavern on the corner and maybe she is reading about the war in Spain and it's a long way from home and won't they ever stop and let us sleep. . . .

ALVAH C. BESSIE.

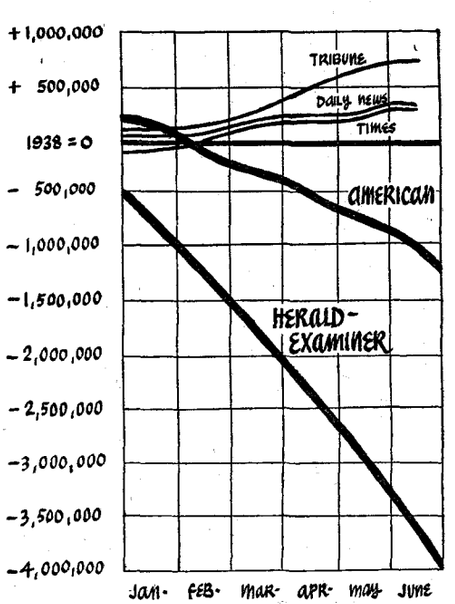
The third and concluding part of Mr. Bessie's story will appear next week.

Hearst Losses

Downward trends on his two struck Chicago papers.

LAST week NEW MASSES reported on the way Hearst stock had skidded from $25 a share to $5 and, since the Chicago strike, down to $3.50 over the counter. This week, in the diagram below, you get a picture of the way advertisers have been shunning the *American* and *Herald & Examiner* since January, a month after the strike was called. These figures show the Hearst losses and the non-Hearst gains up to the end of June. They are given in comparison with the corresponding month a year ago.

Circulation, too, has dropped almost disastrously. Careful surveys by qualified circulation men show a loss of about 200,000. It is generally accepted that the cost of getting steady readers is about $10 a head. If you give the management a break and figure it at $5, the loss adds up to a neat million. We wish we could give you figures on what has been spent on finks, anti-strike promotion, and other union-busting necessities.



HEARST PAYS FOR THE STRIKE. *Gains and losses in advertising lineage for Chicago newspapers compared with 1938 figures.*

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The Future of TVA

Uncle Sam brings power, light, fertilizer, conservation, transportation to the Tennessee Valley.

What single phase of governmental activity as it is today, and has been for the past few years, is most objectionable to the business man and investor? What item in its long list of changes is regarded as least compatible with our business system —keeps most dollars out of normal economic channels?

Obviously, opinions differ. But surely there is one outstanding destructive policy which began with the advent of the present administration and has never ceased for one hour during the more than six years in which President Roosevelt has been in office. That is the government's war on the privately owned utility industry.—*Wall Street Journal,* June 29.

THE TVA may be a red rag to Rep. Andrew May of Kentucky and other friends of the private utilities, but to millions of Americans in the Tennessee Valley it means cheap electricity, better living standards, and a harbinger of a brighter future. The Tennessee Valley Authority is the New Deal's greatest social planning agency. It is saving the consumer at least $50,000,000 a year through rate reductions forced on private power companies throughout the country by the example of cheap government electricity. TVA rates are half the national average and are an even smaller fraction of customary charges in the South. That is why the power companies and their political satellites are now fighting in Congress to restrict its activities.

The present fight comes after two significant victories for TVA earlier in the year. A Congressional committee appointed to investigate TVA gave it, in its majority report, a clean bill of health. And the United States Supreme Court ruled that the Tennessee Electric Power Co., a subsidiary of Commonwealth & Southern, and thirteen other plaintiffs were not immune from competition by the government or anyone else and therefore could not collect damages. The House of Representatives rejected Senator Norris' bill authorizing TVA to issue $100,000,000 in bonds for the purchase of the Tennessee properties of the Tennessee Electric Power Co. and for further expansion. Instead, it limited the bond-issuing authority to $61,500,000 and restricted future TVA activities to sixteen Alabama counties, northern Mississippi, and the area in which it is now operating. The Senate-House conference report, just passed by Congress, retained the House figure, but eliminated some of the restrictions on TVA.

ONLY THE BEGINNING

Undoubtedly this is only the opening gun in the campaign to cripple the future of TVA. The enemies of public power will attempt in the next session of Congress to block appropriations for work now under way and to prevent authorization of the last of ten dams that form the backbone of the mighty project for transformation of an entire region. "Constructive" reorganization measures "to increase efficiency" will be suggested. They will follow the report of the minority of the Congressional investigating committee, suggesting that TVA's coordinated activities be split among a multiplicity of federal agencies; and that the size of the Authority be increased and be made subject to the whims of state utility commissions, which happen with one exception to be under the private utilities' thumb. The efforts of Congressional mouthpieces for the power companies will increase in pitch and volume as the Authority swings into large scale "yardstick" power production and transmission during the year ahead.

Already TVA has had a taste of what lies before it. Paced by the coal lobby, ridiculously fearful of the competition of hydro power, which can never fill more than 15 or 20 percent of America's needs, TVA's foes succeeded some weeks ago in temporarily striking out of the appropriations bill then before the House funds for starting Gilbertsville Dam. This was later followed by the House passage of the restrictions sponsored by Representative May.

What TVA seeks is freedom to buy up private utilities whose place it wishes to take as generator of power, and to help municipalities in acquiring private distribution systems for operation on a cheap, non-profit basis. The sale of the TEP Co. properties for $80,000,000 is the first step in the buying program.

DEALING WITH THE COMPANIES

The Authority's tentative deal with Wendell L. Willkie, president of Commonwealth & Southern, is not above criticism, for the price is nearly that set by the company itself

Gardner Rea

MAJOR NERTZ OF THE FASCIST SHIRTS

"Gad! Can't you see the headlines, Jorrocks? 'General Moseley Demoted; Major Nertz New Man-on-Horseback'!"

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and previously denounced by TVA as exorbitant. It recognizes a principle the Federal Power Commission has fought against for years—that the value of stock should be included in the value of a private utility system. The price is nearly $25,000,000 above the figure set by an impartial firm of accountants, hired jointly by the TEP Co. and the TVA at one stage of their dispute several years ago to arrive at a valuation of the system.

Negotiations with the private utilities in the Tennessee Valley go back to the time of the Authority's creation in 1933. TVA has been fought with injunctions, lawsuits, and every other weapon the country's most astute corporation lawyers could devise. As early as Jan. 4, 1934, the directors of the Authority signed a contract with Commonwealth & Southern for the purchase of power properties owned by subsidiaries in the vicinity of Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals, inherited from the War Department, and of Norris Dam.

But the contract, with the exception of the surrender of some transmission lines in northern Mississippi, was never carried out by the private utilities, whose chiefs, of course, never fail to grow eloquent on the subject of the sanctity of contracts. One company, the Alabama Power Co., in a suit brought by stockholders to prevent fulfillment of the company's contract, went so far as to file a brief in the Supreme Court that it be enjoined from carrying out its own contract.

THE INVESTIGATION

The utilities' lobbyists had a large hand in precipitating the recent Congressional investigation. Tory lawmakers and newspaper writers predicted that the inquiry would prove illegality, graft, and corruption on the part of David E. Lilienthal, in charge of the power program, and Harcourt A. Morgan, fertilizer expert. It would also supposedly absolve the former chairman, Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, whose friendliness to the utilities caused a bitter rift with his associates which was ended only when President Roosevelt removed him. Yet nothing of the kind happened; and the majority report was a virtually complete vindication of the Authority. Now, with ex-Senator Pope as the new chairman, it is able to work as a unit.

The spectacular quality of the fight over the TVA power program has tended to obscure the fact that the Authority has many other activities which are fully as important and have won for it a wide circle of enemies among vested interests outside the utilities field. Besides the coal companies, railroads serving the 40,000-square-mile area are bitterly opposed to the construction program. For one purpose of the dams is to create a nine-foot channel from Paducah, Ky., to Knoxville, Tenn., a distance of 650 miles, and so provide the cheap transportation that the valley has needed in order to grow. The 1,400,000 kilowatt-hour to be available when all dams are completed is the only source of revenue, however, and will have to pay, from its $20,000,000 annual yield, for the entire development, flood control, navigation channel, and other activities included.

REHABILITATION, COORDINATION

The Authority's job is rehabilitation of a region potentially one of the richest in the United States. It is not actually engaging in any activities which the federal government has not undertaken before. What is new and exciting about the TVA is coordination of all these activities under a single agency for intelligent, scientific planning of a development covering a great natural geographic region. TVA is teaching lessons in cooperative living, with the end in view of raising the living standards of the many who reside there. In a thousand ways it is improving their lives. And it is setting a pattern of development that can be followed by the New Deal some day in other parts of the United States, provided the New Deal remains in power.

Ten dams, of which four are completed, three half finished, one started, one authorized, and one proposed, will help make over the Tennessee Valley, in which live two million people. Eight will step the river down from Knoxville four hundred feet to its mouth and provide not only power and a navigable channel, but a means of controlling the disastrous floods that have become more common as careless and ignorant men have stripped the cover from the hillsides to "plant corn with a shotgun" on 45-degree slopes. In wet times the dams will keep back the flood waters, helping not only the Tennessee Valley, but the low-lying cities and farms along the lower Mississippi. In times of drouth, Hiwassee and Norris Dams, which back up huge reservoirs along branches of the Tennessee, will feed water down river. Already $200,000,000 of the half-billion that the program will cost has been spent.

The Authority sets up no local distribution lines, leaving this to cities or to farm cooperatives financed by another New Deal agency, the Rural Electrification Administration. Its variegated projects, some undertaken on its own and some in cooperation with state and federal bodies, have already begun changing the face of the land.

TVA is reaching out into our entire national life in many other ways. More than 125,000 tons of phosphate fertilizer have been manufactured with surplus power at Wilson Dam and turned over to the Department of Agriculture to show the farmer how and why to grow erosion-resisting cover crops. CCC workers, under the direction of Authority engineers, have carried on extensive soil conservation work. And TVA has even fathered the community icebox for poverty-stricken farm areas, so that food crops may be made to last the year round.

If TVA has not caught the imagination of the rest of the United States—because it is hard to dramatize fertilizer—it has certainly awakened and quickened the source of the South. It demonstrates to other districts in one of the richest regions in the world—and the South is rich in resources—what can be done. Even the South's current demand that discriminatory freight rates of the railroads be ended can be traced to the first transportation cost study—carried out by the TVA.

Because the TVA has done this and more, it has the overwhelming support of Southerners, in and out of the Valley itself. Even the Tennessee Republican Committee is one of its backers. TVA is here to stay. But whether it is permitted to grow and expand in the future depends on a number of factors, not the least of which is what happens in the 1940 elections. JOSEPH BUTLER.

Axis and Phenix

THE lower deck of the French Navy, through Andre Marty, Communist deputy and member of the Military Marine Commission, has revealed some interesting facts in connection with the loss of the submarine *Phenix* in the Bay of Cam Ranh, near the submarine base of Saigon in French Indo-China.

First, the Italian fascist agent Lieutenant Aubert, executed as a spy, was active in the *Phenix's* home base at Toulon. Second, the submarine left for Saigon in absolutely unseaworthy condition; between Djibouti and Ceylon, the electric motors caught fire. After leaving Colombo the accumulators ran down and the crew, through superhuman efforts in a temperature of 45 degrees centigrade, due to the breakdown of the electric power, barely brought the sub into Saigon. Third, contrary to the official report that the *Phenix* hit "an uncharted rock in the depths of the treacherous China Sea," Deputy Marty points out that Cam Ranh is the most important French undersea base in the Orient and its every rock and shallow is known to navigators. Fourth, the rank and file demands an inquiry into the actions of responsible naval officers many of whom are active members of Colonel de La Rocque's Fascist PSF Party, whose paper, *Le Petit Parisienne,* is virtually the official newspaper of the officers and command of the French Navy.

Hitler Did Her no Good

MIRIAM VERNE, the damsel who danced for Hitler, has been seeking engagements in New York. Utterly unknown here before she went abroad, she used to be modest in her salary demands. But after pirouetting for Der Fuhrer, Miriam's price went up. And then she learned to her chagrin this week that few Broadway booking offices will represent her at any price. The major agents have turned her down because of her performance before the Nazi chief and the Rialto 10 percenter who "booked" the little lady is reluctant to admit it!—GEORGE ROSS *in his column, "This is Broadway," New York "World-Telegram," July 5.*

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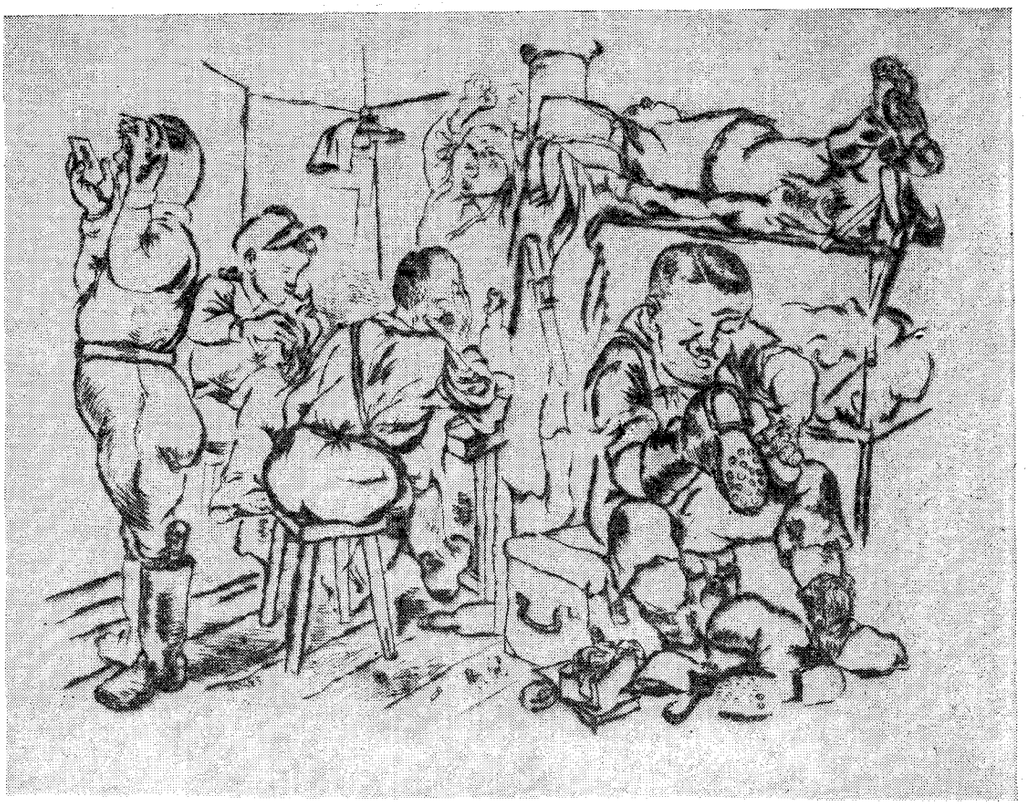
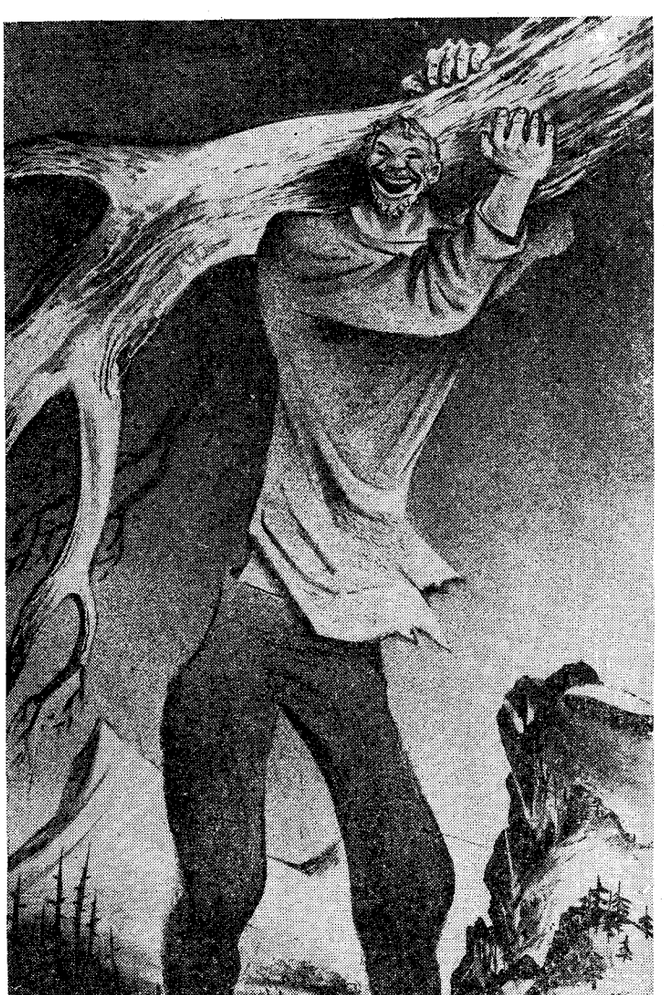
Prints

THE PRINTS on this page are among a series issued by Associated American Artists, founded with the aim of making large original signed etchings and lithographs available to the art lover for $5 each. The group has been augmented recently by two new American citizens, the German satirist George Grosz and the Spanish loyalist Luis Quintanilla, whom the government withdrew from the front to save his art for the world. William Gropper's lithograph indicates his recent interest in American folk lore, which, of course, has not diminished the prolific flow of political cartoons and oils from his studio at Croton-on-Hudson. George Grosz, "the scourge of the Junkers," has recently become a naturalized American citizen, after leaving Germany several years ago. Under the German republic Grosz' savage burin exposed the rottenness of bourgeois Germany.

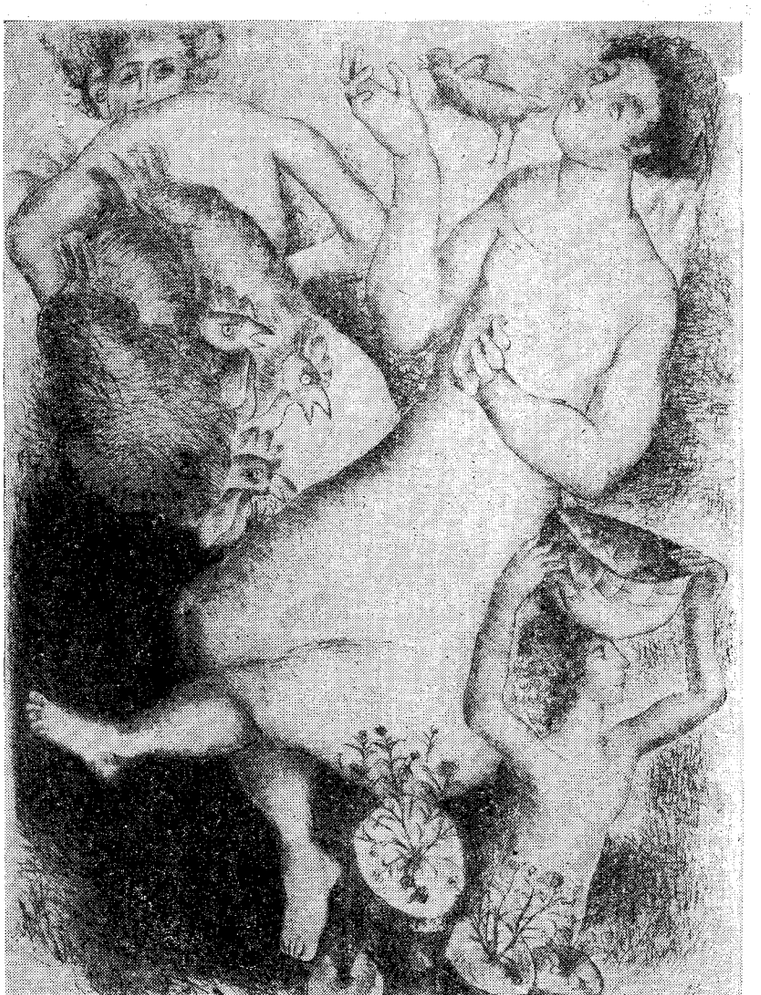
Associated American Artists maintains a large gallery at 711 Fifth Ave., New York, in which these and other comprehensive displays of progressive art may be seen.



"The End of a Perfect Day" an etching by George Grosz.



"Paul Bunyan" a lithograph by William Gropper.



"Frivolity" an etching by Luis Quintanilla.

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New Masses
ESTABLISHED 1911

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★

No Relief From Woodrum

WHILE the Woodrum bill was being discussed, amended, revised, and re-revised in Congress, there was talk of a provision calling for a required furlough of a month for all those who had been on WPA for a year and a half or more. During that period, it was generally supposed, the worker would look for employment in private industry. If he found it, he would leave WPA; otherwise, he would return.

Now, with the cuts actually going into ..t, it has become apparent that the ruling was even trickier than it first seemed. Furlough, temporary release, vacation—the pleasant terms used by the capitalist press—do not for a moment apply. The workers now leaving WPA are being stricken from the rolls, fired. The only way they can return is by going through the regular process of home relief and waiting lists. Indeed, it will be even more difficult than previously, for there are less jobs. New York City Administrator Brehon B. Somervell said, "This isn't a furlough; it's a layoff. Make that clear."

Thus the ugliness of the Relief Act becomes clearer as each provision goes into effect. First the prevailing wage, now the rotation scheme, next the leveling of North and South whereby the hopeful Southerners make no gains and the Northerners will be cut to Southern levels.

Every form of protest against the act should be joined and supported by progressives. The AFL building strikes, although they were hindered by ineptitude and the narrow craft approach of the leadership, served to call national attention to the problem. Regardless of whether they were strikes against the government or against the tories who monopolized legislation for several days, they were directed against the breeding of human misery, and President Roosevelt and Attorney General Murphy in condemning the strikers served badly the cause they have often served so well. The proof will come as the full realization of the act's meaning breaks on other sections of the population. The small business man will find his customers fewer; his remaining customers' purchases will be smaller. Important public works are destined never to be built. The nation's wealth, in terms of both income and material assets, will be lowered. Millions of Americans lose completely their means of livelihood, with subsequent losses of morale and the will to live. These things are stored up for us—unless we break the tory resistance and put the Relief Act back on the floor of Congress.

Shooting at Democracy

AMERICA have concentration camps? Ninety-nine percent of the population would bridle at the suggestion. But 99 percent of the American people do not know that the Hobbs bill, *H.R. 5643,* has been reported out favorably by the Senate Judiciary Committee. But the Hobbs bill is not alone in proposing the latest totalitarian wrinkles for our New World democracy. There is the Reynolds bill which provides for the registration of all non-citizens and a halt to immigration for ten years. Nor is that all—the woods are full of fascist-minded congressmen who would violate the Bill of Rights. Representative Smith of Virginia adds to the clamor in his Omnibus Bill.

These measures look to Hitler for their inspiration. The Hobbs bill, for example, provides for life imprisonment — without trial—in outright violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. American democracy has a fine tradition in respect to anti-alien bills. From Jefferson's day on, believers in democracy have battled resolutely against measures discriminating against foreigners. The derivation of America's populace was not forgotten. The International Labor Defense's biennial conference last week did splendid service in organizing to defeat these violations to the democratic spirit. The two-by-four fuhrers are moving fast in America: progressives must move double-quick to head them off.

They Call It a Lull

LAST week marked what over-taut nerves have come to regard as a lull in the European crisis. Nothing happened except:

Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law and foreign minister, called on Franco with a bill not too deeply concealed on his person.

Mussolini began expelling all foreigners from the Italian Tyrol preparatory to transplanting some 210,000 Germans living in this former Austrian territory. The Germans, whose families have lived in the Tyrol for centuries, will be given their choice of either going to Germany or being scattered in various parts of Italy.

On top of this there came a report from Geneva—promptly denied in Rome—that Italy had leased the former Austrian port of Trieste to Germany for ten years. German troops were said to be embarking from Trieste for the Italian colony of Libya in Northern Africa.

Two Paris newspapermen were arrested as Nazi spies by the French government, with every indication that the ramifications, if properly pursued, will reach into uncomfortably high quarters.

The Danzig pot continued to simmer. Following a two-day visit to Hitler's retreat at Berchtesgaden by Albert Foerster, the Danzig fuhrer, new German troops, disguised as "tourists," began filtering into the Free City. And from Berlin came reports of secret negotiations with Britain looking to a new second Munich.

Fed on a diet of crises and alarms, the world now swallows events of this kind easily. But they are portentous. Take the arrest of the two Nazi spies. Pipelines have already been uncovered from the espionage ring in France to England and Belgium. And the trail leads further—and higher. Cabling from Paris to the New York *World-Telegram* and the Chicago *Daily News,* Edgar Ansel Mowrer reports that those involved include high political personages in Premier Daladier's conservative Parliamentary majority. Treason these days is the vocation of the best families. Will the Daladier who journeyed to Munich ferret out those who under their tri-color garb wear a brown shirt?

Tall Tales from Japan

THE Japanese are experiencing a midsummer's nightmare on the borders of Mongolia. Every day they report great victories over the Soviet-Mongolian troops and airforce. Only one thing is lacking in these reports: the truth. About once a week, the Soviet government issues a factual release through the Tass News Agency giving the names, dates, facts, and figures. It is now revealed that from May 28 to July 12, the Japanese lost 199 planes compared with the loss of fifty-two on the other side. From July 6 to 12, the Japanese-Manchurian casualties were two thousand killed and more than three thousand wounded. The Soviet-Mongolian forces lost 293 soldiers and suffered 653 wounded. Four field guns were taken, four tanks, fifteen armored cars, and seventy machine guns.

The American correspondents traveling with the Japanese armies all agree (no matter what else their dispatches say) that the Japanese claims are fantastic. John Morris, United Press correspondent, writes: "Diligent search with Japanese staff officers failed to reveal the wreckage of a single Soviet plane." "I have seen nothing on this tour," says A. T. Steele, New York *World-Tele-*

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gram correspondent, "to confirm the fabulous claim that nearly four hundred Soviet planes have been destroyed." On the contrary, reports come of Japanese wounded filling the hospitals at Harbin, and being returned by air to Hailar. For all the tall talk, the boundary remains just where it was when the Japanese attacked on May 11, a little east of the Khalka river.

Of course there is some point to all this. In their own desperate way, the Japanese are attempting to harass the Soviet Union during the Anglo-Soviet negotiations. Likewise, the pathetic demonstration by five thousand Japanese men, women, and children before the British embassy in Tokyo was delicately timed with the opening of the negotiations over the Tientsin incident (and, incidentally, with the day when the Pittman resolution, placing the embargo on Japan, was scheduled to come before the American Senate).

Hitler vs. the Church

A YEAR ago Hitler's cultural daggerman, Rosenberg, said, "The Catholic Church must disappear." News cables from Reich-controlled territories recall that edict. A Praha dispatch in the New York *Times* of July 16 relates that the Gestapo in Bohemia and Moravia is arresting members of the clergy on charges of resistance to Nazism. Monasteries are searched for "concealed arms," and the Catholic press is harried for withholding criticism of traditions distasteful to the National Socialists. Czech priests, who may well remember the encouragement given Catholicism in their country under a democratic regime, are said to permit the singing of the Czech national anthem at mass.

In Austria local Nazis recently greeted Cardinal Innitzer, as he left the parish church at Koenigsbrunn, with rotten eggs and potatoes. It will be recalled that the prelate, while a former supporter of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, was foremost among the Austrian Catholic clergy in welcoming Nazi troops into his native land. His policy of conciliation was based on the hope that Hitler would spare the Austrian Catholics the fate of their German brothers. The cardinal soon discovered his error. Last October the Nazis broke into his palace in Vienna, injuring many priests and partially destroying the building. To protect his life, the papal flag was removed from his limousine and its license number changed. While the mob at Koenigsbrunn was shouting, "Give the cardinal a one-way ticket to Dachau," a leading figure in world Catholicism died in that same concentration camp—Dr. Friedrich Funder, former editor of the Christian Socialist paper in Vienna, the *Reichspost*.

The attack on Cardinal Innitzer is a more dramatic aspect of the continuing Nazi assault on the church in Austria. Priests have been arrested, sermons censored, and religious schools closed, with many school buildings converted into army barracks. Government commissioners have taken over the administration of Austria's larger monasteries. The church is forbidden to appoint parish priests or higher dignitaries without submitting the names to Nazi Party authorities for approval.

S-s-s-sin!

HARD by the governor's manse in Lansing, Mich., the life of the twentieth century goes on. Michigan means automobiles, belt lines, freighters bringing ore into River Rouge, unemployment in Flint, the Black Legion expanding again, Gerald L. K. Smith, Homer Martin, and Father Coughlin roaring against labor—a great industrial state experiencing the life of a troubled time. But in the Executive Mansion an ancient man is carefully balancing angels on the head of a pin. The shades of Carrie Nation and Anthony Comstock smile over his shoulder as he prepares an indictment of the dead against the quick. Gov. Luren D. Dickinson has just returned from the sinful world and he is writing a report on the recent Governors Conference in Albany. The people wait to hear what the governors have done about their troubles.

Fascinations, brilliance, high life systems and customs [writes the old gaffer], bewildering scenery and surroundings, being paired with or alone with strangers at glowing public functions with unlimited flow of every variety of liquor at every turn, with dance halls and drinking tables on the

Mischa Richter

"You can't strike against the government."

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side, richly dressed and sweet-voiced hosts and uniformed waiters repeatedly urging visitors of every age, including girls, to drink—Thank God our girls came home unsullied and never will know how near the brink they were!

When the survey of general horselaughs came in His Excellency was mighty proud. "I made a strong statement that went across the continent," he said. "It is men and women in important positions who must make the start." The governor got his important position through the death of Frank Fitzgerald.

Havelock Ellis

THE passing of Havelock Ellis does not, as the obituary cliche has it, mark the passing of an era; but in an almost literal sense it does mark the distance that has been traveled. Ellis was born into an English working class family in 1859, the year that saw the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* and Marx's *Critique of Political Economy*. Eighty years later the struggle to preserve the ideas symbolized by men like Darwin, Marx, and Havelock Ellis is just beginning.

Ellis belonged to a generation of thinkers who frequently caught the truth in large portions but rarely in its fullness. Like Shaw, Wells, Freud, and many others he saw through the glass but often darkly. His was a sort of interim generation, and only a few —Lenin, Gorky, Liebknecht and Luxembourg, Romain Rolland, and in his last few years our own Lincoln Steffens—squarely faced the problem of fundamental social change, of which the others are only part. But in the case of Havelock Ellis there can be little doubt that he stood with the people. His *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* not only dealt freely and simply with a problem long smothered in Victorian euphemism, but it had running through it a strong thread of social understanding. In his championing of Ibsen and his defense of Thomas Hardy after the publication of *Jude the Obscure* he fought the Chamberlain mind of the times. In later years he seldom let his position be known, but it was said by those close to him that he sympathized with the people of republican Spain, the victims of international fascism, the oppressed and fighters against oppression everywhere. It is easy to believe, for his every public action showed him a man of good will.

Fingers Crossed

THE appointment of Paul V. McNutt, high commissioner to the Philippines and active candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, as head of the newly created Federal Security Administration has set in flight a covey of speculations, not all of them winged. And President Roosevelt's vehement denial of any political significance in the appointment only served to multiply both speculations and speculators. Conjectures have moved along three different lines: the President is grooming McNutt as his successor; the President is kicking McNutt upstairs and thus eliminating a rival whose powerful machine can help further Roosevelt's own alleged third-term ambitions; McNutt will be given number two place on the Democratic ticket, with Roosevelt first.

All of which is very interesting, but what about McNutt's own qualifications for the post? His record as governor of Indiana, when his tactics during the Terre Haute strike in 1934 earned him the sobriquet of the Hoosier Hitler, can hardly be considered a recommendation. On the other hand, as high commissioner to the Philippines, he did not oppose and perhaps gave some encouragement to the democratization of the islands' regime and the unfolding of the progressive program of President Manuel Quezon. And though not notable for his devotion to New Deal principles, McNutt has not aligned himself with the anti-New Deal forces led by Vice-President Garner. It seems to us that, whatever President Roosevelt's motives, this is an appointment on which a fingers-crossed attitude is the only sensible one to adopt.

New Code for Broadcasters

THE new code adopted by the National Association of Broadcasters reads well. Better, we fear, than it will work in the practice of an industry, more than 90 percent of whose kilowatt power is controlled by the two monopolies, National Broadcasting Corp. and the Columbia Broadcasting System. Much depends on how the provision on controversial issues will be interpreted. The new code stipulates that time for the discussion of controversial public issues shall not be sold, except for political broadcasts during election campaigns, but shall be provided free. That should automatically bar Father Coughlin's well financed Sunday broadcasts and give a hearing to progressive groups which hitherto have found it difficult to obtain time on the air. Since, however, the question of free time is to be left to the discretion of the networks and individual stations, it remains to be seen whether this concession is real or illusory. No doubt much will depend on the degree of public pressure in communities throughout the country.

The question of how the new code will affect Father Coughlin is also not entirely clear. He is hit not only by the section on controversial public issues, but by another barring attacks on race and religion. However, since nearly half of the nation's stations are not members of the National Association of Broadcasters, it may be possible for him to evade the code even if it is enforced to the hilt.

The Schools Stay Open

THE reactionaries had their way with the New York budget, and the state's teachers and students found themselves $10,000,000 poorer. After the storm broke when it was learned that all night schools, kindergartens, and playgrounds would have to be subtracted from the educational system, the legislators suggested that the whole thing could be settled if the teachers would take the $10,000,000 out of their own pockets. The teachers rightly said no. Where are they to get $10,000,000? They have fought for the wages they are getting, and they intend to keep them. Why shouldn't they? Like the building trades workers, they saw that one attack on wages would be only the first in a whole series.

Mayor LaGuardia agreed with the teachers and said that the fat boys who voted the budget could better take the cuts. Soon after LaGuardia's statement and a parent-teacher protest headed by the Teachers Union, City Superintendent of Schools Campbell issued a statement that there positively would be no salary cuts. The educational system will go on at full strength until the money gives out. At that time the Legislature will again be in session, and they will have a chance to repair their own damage by voting back the $10,000,000. With the entire school apparatus endangered they will not dare to face the people. It was good strategy and admirable unity on the part of the teachers.

The Plot against Bridges

NOT only Harry Bridges stands in the dock in that strange trial in California. West Coast labor and the general issue of civil liberties are involved. Directing the parade of stool pigeons are the Associated Farmers, the Waterfront Employers Association, and other big-time aggregations. Motivating them is the following fact: on September 30, agreements with the maritime unions expire. The plan is simple: polish off the waterfront unions and then head into a union-smashing and anti-New Deal drive. The first move is to get rid of Bridges.

Scrutiny of the figures behind the Bridges prosecution would reveal a crew directed by the same millionaires who framed Tom Mooney. There is a 1939 innovation: Capt. Fritz Wiedemann. The Nazi is definitely known to be collaborating with anti-labor forces. His ire rose high when Harry Bridges produced authenticated evidence of sabotage

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by Wiedemann's men in southern California aircraft plants. Hitler's envoy was also stung when San Francisco longshoremen refused to unload Nazi ships until the captains agreed to observe the international code and fly the American flag in port.

"Evidence" so far has revolved around the shady characters the prosecution has called. Such men as Stanley Morton "Larry" Doyle, agent provocateur for many years, has been assigned to "get" Bridges. His hirers don't care how: whether by "legal" means or by murder. Doyle's activities were exposed last autumn when the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union published the confession of Ivan Cox, former official, who had been duped into signing the Red-baiting suit for $5,100,000 against Bridges in 1937. Cox's confession exposed a "fascist plot" supported by the "Associated Farmers of California and another known as the Union of California Citizens to do away with Harry Bridges by illegal and murderous means. . . ."

The Neutrality Fight

IF THE twelve honorable members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee who voted to shelve neutrality revision had taken the *Yankee Clipper* to Godesberg last week, they could not have brought the world nearer to another Munich. These men were able to thwart the will of the people, the President of the United States, and his secretary of state, and deadlock the nation on the issue of neutrality.

For the sake of the record it should be remembered that the American people, in the majority, favors revising the Neutrality Act. Last December, the *Fortune* poll emphasized that "at least two-thirds of the people with opinions" look "approvingly upon a policy of collective security, perhaps for the first time in American history." In April of this year, the Gallup poll found that 57 percent of the American voters favor revising neutrality legislation to allow shipment of war materials to the democracies. Only last week, Mrs. Marguerite Wells, of the National League of Women Voters, described the shift of Midwest opinion away from isolation. Bishop Oldham, of the World Alliance of Fellowship through the Churches, led a group of two hundred Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant leaders in protest against legislation that "would furnish the sinews of war to the aggressors." Countless organizations of the people: unions, churches, fraternal societies, and student bodies have time and again registered America's understanding of the lessons of Spain and China.

The charge is bandied about that the President seeks a personal dictatorship over foreign policy. But the action of the House in crippling the Bloom bill and the refusal of the Senate to discuss it represent a cynical denial of democracy in the interests of personal prejudice and political partisanship. The London *Times* saw it on July 3: "The issue is complicated by the play of internal politics and by the anxiety of the Republicans and conservative Democrats to weaken Mr. Roosevelt's position . . . in view of the approaching Presidential elections."

In a situation of this kind the utmost clarity is needed. That is why the editorial in last week's *New Republic,* entitled "Roosevelt, Stalin, and Neutrality," is so exasperating. At this juncture, the *New Republic* insists that since the Soviet Union is "hesitating" in the Anglo-Soviet pact negotiations, why should the United States rush in to revise its neutrality laws. Indeed, "the hackneyed generalities of the collective securityites will not hold any longer." They "would much rather have this country fight than see Britain, France, and the Soviet Union contend against Germany and Italy without our aid." Therefore, argues the *New Republic,* let's drop the whole matter, and (as the Senate Foreign Relations Committee did) sit tight.

About this, at least three things must be said. First, it is intolerable that the adherents of collective security should still be charged with making war. When Coughlin, Hearst, Senator Reynolds, and prominent Republicans call the President a "war monger," we have learned to discount that. People know where such forces derive their inspiration. But we have never doubted that the editors of the *New Republic* do not themselves want war. Even if the disillusioned Wilsonian outlook which they serve up as a substitute for practical policies disarms the people in face of the danger, we allow for the honesty of its motivation. The moment the *New Republic* charges war-mongering, its position becomes indistinguishable from that of the reactionaries.

Second, the assumption that the United States can isolate itself from world events is completely untenable. America is an international power. Its interests are integral with those of Latin America and the Far East. Its peace depends on peace in Europe. This is a fact, and denying it does not make it less a fact. Also, wishing it were not so does not serve the American people as a program. From which it follows that because the national interests of the American people are bound up with peace and international law everywhere on the globe, only collective action in defense of those interests and that peace can halt the aggressors. Collective action can not only restore peace where the fascists have invaded weaker peoples, but it can also prevent the spread of the wars that have already begun. This is proved in reverse by the experience of the year 1938: by the conquest of Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Memel. The longer that action is delayed, the more difficult it becomes, and the more unfavorable are the prospects for preventing an international holocaust.

More alarming still is the way the *New Republic* lets itself get taken in by the Chamberlain propaganda about the Anglo-Soviet pact. On the premise that the Soviets are hesitating, President Roosevelt is advised to hesitate also. But where did the *New Republic* get that premise? On whose say-so does the *New Republic* charge the Soviet Union with quibbling and sabotage of the Anglo-Soviet pact? And is not another Munich the logical, practical consequence of such a position?

Progressives cannot be satisfied with the present status of the neutrality issue. As our Washington dispatch by Paul G. McManus points out, the administration's leadership has been less than adequate. Nevertheless, we cannot agree that revision of the neutrality laws shall be deferred until the next session of Congress. The six-point program of Secretary Hull, endorsed by the President, provides a platform on which action is still possible. First of all, the Pittman resolution placing the embargo upon Japan must be urged vigorously. Initiative is necessary, a firm appeal to the people and a firm stand within Congress. If outright repeal of the neutrality laws is impossible, then a bill embodying Hull's six points is essential. By spotlighting the dangers of a rudderless ship of state, and by making neutrality revision the condition for adjournment of Congress, the administration can still achieve a legislative mandate that will leave no question-marks at home or abroad.

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Reader's Forum

New Masses was the first American journal to expose the spurious racial dogma now being espoused by the New York State Chamber of Commerce. In our June 20 issue we published a feature called "Caucasians Only," with quotations and photostats from "Conquest by Immigration," by the Chamber's Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. We are glad, therefore, to publish the following letter sent to the N. Y. Chamber of Commerce by the New York Section of the American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom. Franz Boas, head of the national committee, Prof. Charles A. Beard, Prof. William Malisoff, Dr. Nelson P. Mead, acting president of the College of the City of New York, L. J. Stadler of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and many other authorities have signed and endorsed the letter.

IT WAS with amazement that we read the report of the Special Committee on Immigration and Naturalization of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York—and the attendant publicity—proclaiming the very same racial myths which are causing so much hatred and brutality in the world today.

Mr. Harry H. Laughlin, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, who wrote this report, asserts that immigration into the United States should be cut down to the vanishing point in the interest of "race integrity" and "race improvement."

The underlying principles on which the report is based are that:

1. Every nationality—English, French, Irish, Italian, Spanish, etc.—is a "race."

2. Every "race" has its inherent, unalterable physical, mental, and moral qualities.

3. Some of these "races" are superior and others inferior, and progress in human society and culture is primarily due to the biological endowment of "racial purity."

4. The successful development of a nation requires it to "establish racial standards, to hold the country against all would-be invaders, whether they come as enemies in battle or as friendly immigrants. . . ."

5. The immigrant policy of the United States should be governed by biological or "racial" considerations because "progress cannot be built on mongrel melting pots."

6. The cost of public institutions for the mentally ill and for other public charges is largely due to the immigration of "racially inferior stock."

The entire argument follows the theory of innate racial qualities. Serious psychologists, anthropologists, and sociologists have emphasized over and over again that it is absurd to speak of any nation as a biological unit or "race," and that no proof has ever been given to show that the mental, cultural, or moral characteristics of a so-called race can be deduced from its descent. Last December, the American Anthropological Association—certainly more competent than the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York to pass judgment on such matters—unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"Be it resolved that the American Anthropological Association repudiates racialism and adheres to the following statement of facts:

"1. Race involves the inheritance of similar physical variations by large groups of mankind, but its psychological and cultural connotations, if they exist, have not been ascertained by science. . . .

"2. Anthropology provides no scientific basis for discrimination against any people on the ground of racial inferiority, religious affiliation, or linguistic heritage."

Mr. Laughlin merely *asserts* that "the immigrant must furnish the blood—that is, the inherent qualities and capacities which will respond favorably to our environment." He does not offer one shred of evidence to prove that such "inherent qualities and capacities" exist. Nor does he attempt to justify himself in assigning "superior" and "inferior" status to the various races he enumerates. We feel justified in the suspicion that there is an ulterior motive in this indiscriminate and unscientific use of the term "race." The term does service as an invective. It is a mere appeal to ignorant prejudice. Surely Mr. Laughlin knows that the modern populations of all parts of Europe as well as of America are the products of unceasing mixtures of peoples, and that the highest types of civilization of their respective times have belonged to such widely different peoples as those of Greece, Rome, France, Spain, Holland, England, Italy, and Germany—wherever historical conditions favored cultural development.

There have been two major waves of immigration into the United States. The first, from 1609 to about 1890, brought immigrants chiefly from Northern and Western Europe—the second, since 1890, chiefly from Southern and Eastern Europe. The first group came to a country that was still primarily agricultural, offering opportunity for advancement to the pioneer, the farmer, the entrepreneur. With the disappearance of free land, the spread of industrial production, and the rise of the large corporation, fewer opportunities were available to the immigrants of the second wave. Most of those who came after 1890 became industrial laborers in the factories owned by those who had entered the country in the earlier stages. This applies to those coming from Northern and Western Europe as well.

To Mr. Laughlin, these developments in American history have no meaning. He pretends to believe that the difference between the two groups of immigrants is strictly biological. He believes that the Northern and Western European is *innately* a "pioneer land-settler type" and that the Southern and Eastern European is the "industrial laborer type." This contention was refuted in 1927 by Niles Carpenter's *Immigrants and Their Children,* Census Monograph No. VII, published by the Bureau of the Census of the U. S. Department of Commerce. Using the census figures of 1920, Carpenter showed that the immigrants who came from Northern and Western Europe *after 1890* did *not* prefer to take up agriculture.

The statistics used by Mr. Laughlin are entirely misleading. The last 107 pages (almost half) of the report are devoted to figures on the number of native and foreign born inmates of state and federal hospitals for the mentally ill and of state and federal penal institutions. The casual reader would naturally assume that this mass of figures substantiates the recommendations made in the report; but on examination it is found that the data, far from supporting Mr. Laughlin, actually supports the opposite of the view he holds.

In order to use statistics to answer the question "Is there a high criminal rate among the foreign born in the United States?" we must first determine the percentage of foreign born in the country. Then we must compare this percentage with the percentage of foreign born in the prisons. This would be the only scientifically valid procedure. Mr. Laughlin did not adopt this procedure, however. He limited himself to an enumeration of the number of foreign born and native inmates of some state prisons and hospitals. Such an enumeration is meaningless. Furthermore, the age distribution of foreign born and natives is different, and since the rates of criminality and hospitalization change with age, this element must be taken into consideration.

The following example is typical of Mr. Laughlin's use of statistics. He lists 946 foreign born inmates in seven New York state prisons out of a total of 6,382 prisoners, that is, 14.8 percent. This may seem like a high percentage, and that is obviously the impression intended. But New York State's foreign born population is 25.9 percent of the total population (1930 census). In other words, 25.9 percent of the population was responsible for 14.8 percent of the crimes (in the cases and for the period to which Mr. Laughlin's figures apply), while 74.1 percent (the native born) was responsible for 85.2 percent of these crimes.

It should also be noted that many official reports are available on just this point. In 1934, the precise period with which Mr. Laughlin is dealing, there was submitted a report of the Legislative Commission on Jails in Connecticut. The statistics in that report are much more complete than Mr. Laughlin's, and the conclusion drawn is that *"crime is not primarily the product of the foreign born, but it is chiefly American made, the product of American conditions and American citizens."* (Author's italics.) . . .

We view with alarm the rapid spread in our own country of the hysterical cry that the alien or the Jew or the Catholic, or some other scapegoat, is responsible for all the ills of society. The report of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York seeks to lend scientific support to such demagogy. We would not be true citizens of a democracy if we did not enter our vigorous protest against any such abuse of science. The scientist has an ethical obligation to avoid conclusions that are not warranted by the evidence. What can we say of the ethics of Mr. Laughlin when he makes a report which so patently violates all the rules of scientific method and procedure, or of the Chamber of Commerce when it publishes such a report without ascertaining whether Mr. Laughlin's views are supported by the findings of reputable scientists?

Science teaches—and we reaffirm—that an individual should be judged by his own qualities and not by assigning him to a group because he happens to have a certain head form, a certain form and color of hair, skin, and eyes, or a certain form of nose. There are differences among individuals, of course. We are not justified, however, in assuming that there are inequalities among the different nationalities (Mr. Laughlin chooses to call them "races") or that one people is born superior to another. Most of the observable differences between peoples of different nations are merely different folkways, the product of accumulated traditions in their past social history. These are readily transformed by environment, as has been abundantly demonstrated in the great mixture of peoples derived from all nations who have become ideal American citizens when they have lived in the social atmosphere of America for an adequate period of time to become adjusted.

Any report that violates these basic principles—and uses the name of science to support the deed—deserves the outspoken condemnation of all true Americans.

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The Story of Russian Bolshevism

Moissaye J. Olgin reviews the "History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union," the epoch-making book describing the Russian people's fight for socialism and freedom.

THE Communist Party of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics occupies a unique place in world history. It is the party that organized and led the working people through two democratic revolutions and one socialist revolution, overthrew the capitalist system, established the Soviet system, fought off all the attacks on the workers' republic, and built up socialism in a country occupying one-sixth of the earth's surface.

The Communist Party began its activities at the turn of the century, when Russia was the most backward country in Europe; it started organizing the workers into a fighting party of their own at a time when such activity was a crime, when the bourgeois-democratic system looked more like a dream of progressives than a near possibility in Russia. It steered the revolutionary masses during the great popular upheavals of the 1905-06 revolution. It held the forces of the proletariat together after the defeat of that revolution, when all workers' organizations were disintegrating and reaction was triumphant. It placed itself firmly at the head of the revolutionary masses when the tide of popular movements began to rise again in 1912. With the beginning of the war in 1914, it proclaimed that both warring groups were seeking imperialist aims and that the workers, allied with the other exploited classes, particularly the peasants, must turn the war into revolution and establish the rule of the people in a government of workers and farmers which would introduce socialism.

In the second Russian revolution, starting February 1917, the Bolshevik Party insisted that the people take state power into their hands and establish their own rule as against a government representing the capitalists, landlords, and well-to-do exploiting peasants. This government, while it had sprung from the revolution and paid lip service to the working people, actually guarded the interests of the propertied classes. Under the slogan "All Power to the Soviets"—the Soviets being mass organizations of workers, soldiers, and peasants that had spontaneously sprung from among the working people and expressed the interests, wishes, and needs of the toiling population—the Bolshevik Party organized the masses for a final showdown with the government that was democratic in name and predatory in substance. It led the October Revolution of 1917. The people won. The Soviets became the power in the land. After the attackers were repulsed and the land cleansed of the enemies' greatest counter-revolutionary bands, the work of building socialism could be begun.

STALIN AND VOROSHILOV. *The general secretary of the Communist Party, USSR, and the commissar of defense, who, since the civil-war period in Russia, have been close collaborators in the building of socialism.*

The ensuing period, 1921-37, was one of reshaping national economy, raising the country from backwardness to a leading position among the advanced industrial countries in the world, doing away with private property in the means of industrial production, fusing small peasant holdings, numbering about a score of millions in the hands of petty private "entrepreneurs," into large-scale modern agricultural undertakings on a cooperative basis (collective farms), abolishing finally all private enterprise and with it exploitation, and at last realizing the dream of the oppressed that stirred in them for centuries—a system whereby all the means of production belong to the people and everyone works according to his ability and receives according to the quantity and quality of his work. This is socialism. The next stage, which the country is approaching, will be Communism, where the rule is "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs." With the revolution came liberation of the many minority nationalities that inhabit the land and the marvelous unfolding of the new culture of the Soviets.

This is the history of Russia for about four decades, but it is in like degree the history of the Bolsheviks, Communist Party. To understand the history of Russia one must understand Bolshevism, its theory, its program, its tactics, its leadership, its emphasis on one or the other policy in one or another historical situation, its fight against the other parties and against alien bodies within its own ranks.

A glance at the road traversed by the Bolshevik Party during its existence makes one dizzy. A small group of underground revolutionists in 1903; a small group of underground revolutionists in 1912; a party of only several scores of thousands in 1917, it becomes the leading and directing force of countless millions. Its own membership reaches into millions today. It leads a giant country successfully to a clearly mapped future. It has proved to all but the professed enemies that its plan was right, its understanding of historical realities accurate, its leadership sound, its predictions true.

Why was all this possible? How did it come about? What is the law governing the activities of this unique party? Is there such a law? Is that progress peculiar only to Russia or can other countries also learn from Bolshevik experience? There is hardly a student of history or sociology who does not ask these questions. The answer, in concise form, is given by the *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union,* edited by a commission of the Central Committee of the CPSU, with the active participation of Joseph Stalin. (International Publishers, $1.)

Many histories of the Communist Party of the USSR were written, some of them, like the large one by Yaroslavsky (there was also an abridged edition of that work for mass distribution) running into several bulky volumes. What distinguishes this "short course," as it is officially termed, is the amalgamation of theory with the narrative of historic events.

The theory is that of Marxism, the events are those that led up to the victory of the revolution and the construction of socialism. The most active leading force in these events was what Marxists term the most advanced, conscious section of the working class, equipped with the understanding of public life, with the knowledge of the laws of the class struggle as furnished by Marxism—the Communist Party. This party, in the opinion of the authors, is not only "the higher form of organization" among all the organizations of the working class, it is not only the personification of the tie between the advanced section of the working class and the millions of other workers, but it is also the personification of political guidance as furnished by the theory of Marxism so richly developed and perfected by Lenin and Stalin in accordance with the socio-economic development of the last decades.

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It may surprise orthodox historians to find in the book a whole chapter devoted to the presentation of the theoretical foundations of Marxism, dialectical and historical materialism. The presentation, clear, concise, and simple, first explains what is meant by the dialectical method, both as regards nature and history, and then proceeds to explain what that method means for the workers and their political party.

> If there are no isolated phenomena in the world, if all phenomena are interconnected and interdependent, then it is clear that every social system and every social movement in history must be evaluated not from the standpoint of "eternal justice" or some other preconceived idea, as is not infrequently done by historians, but from the standpoint of the conditions which gave rise to that system or that social movement and with which they are connected. [Page 110.]
>
> Further, if the passing of slow quantitative changes into rapid and abrupt qualitative changes is a law of development, then it is clear that revolutions made by oppressed classes are a quite natural and inevitable phenomenon.
>
> Hence the transition from capitalism to socialism and the liberation of the working class from the yoke of capitalism cannot be effected by slow changes, by reforms, but only by a qualitative change of the capitalist system, by revolution.
>
> Hence, in order not to err in policy, one must be a revolutionist, not a reformist.
>
> Further, if development proceeds by way of the disclosure of internal contradictions, by way of collisions between opposite forces on the basis of these contradictions and so as to overcome these contradictions, then it is clear that the class struggle of the proletariat is a quite natural and inevitable phenomenon.
>
> Hence we must not cover up the contradictions of the capitalist system, but disclose them and unravel them; we must not try to check the class struggle but carry it to its conclusion.
>
> Hence, in order not to err in policy, one must pursue an uncompromising proletarian class policy, not a reformist policy of harmony of the interests of the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, not a compromiser's policy of "the growing of capitalism into socialism."
>
> Such is the Marxist dialectical method when applied to social life, to the history of society. [Page 111.]

That method is applied throughout in this book.

The book is filled with facts concerning the history of Russia and of the Communist Party. One is amazed at the amount of carefully selected material condensed within its 364 pages—and more amazed at the lucidity with which the most complex problems of politics and tactics are presented.

Not in vain did the authors stress the dialectical method, which, they say, "holds that the process of development from the lower to the higher takes place not as a harmonious unfolding of phenomena, but as a disclosure of the contradictions inherent in things and phenomena, as a 'struggle' of opposite tendencies which operate on the basis of these contradictions."

The contradictions existed not only in the society in which the Communist Party operated and they manifested themselves not only in the class struggles where the party was the leader, but, quite often, within the party itself. The *History* intertwines its narrative of the class struggles with a record of how Lenin forged the ideological weapon of Bolshevism; how the Marxist-Leninist principles as regards ideology, organization, and tactics were embodied in the Bolshevik Party, the party of "a new type" fundamentally different from the old reformist parties of the Second International; and how the party waged its struggle against the representatives of hostile class ideology within its own ranks—from opportunists of the early "Economist" and Menshevik variety to the latest-period representatives of fascism. The *History* shows how the party fought these ideologies within its ranks, and defeated them on the various stages of its history, thus enabling it to lead correctly, to foresee, to plan, to overcome difficulties, to build a new society.

> The Bolsheviks could not help knowing that the proletariat needed . . . a different kind of party, a new and genuine Marxist party, which would be irreconcilable towards the opportunists and revolutionary towards the bourgeoisie, which would be firmly knit and monolithic, which would be a party of social revolution, a party of the dictatorship of the proletariat. [Page 140.]

Lest the term "dictatorship of the proletariat" be misunderstood in the vulgar way as meaning despotism, oppression of the people, as this is repeatedly done by the ignorant and the malicious, the book unfolds a panorama of the new system in operation, from which it becomes abundantly clear that the system is the greatest democracy extant. The term has now, with the disappearance of the former exploiting classes, been changed into "dictatorship of the working class and the peasantry," which makes its broad character, its popular meaning, more evident.

> Soviets [said Stalin] are the most comprehensive mass organizations of the proletariat, being the only organizations to which all the workers, without exception, belong.
>
> Soviets are the only mass organizations which enroll all the oppressed and exploited, workers and peasants, soldiers and sailors.
>
> The Soviet power is, of all state organizations possible while classes continue to exist, the most comprehensive and the most democratic. . . . The Soviet power is . . . the expression of the collaboration of the workers and the exploited peasants . . . it is consequently the power exercised by the majority of the population. [*Leninism*, Vol. I, Pages 118-120.]

The democratic nature of this state organization is revealed in the *History* in the account of how this majority of the formerly exploited has rebuilt the Soviet land in a surprisingly short time, which was possible only through enormous mass initiative and concerted mass action under proper guidance.

In presenting the history of the party in this aspect the book renders a great service not only to the people of Russia, who are naturally avid to learn from the most authoritative

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source the history of their party, but to those who realize the necessity of uncompromising, flexible, and true-to-principle Marxist parties in other countries.

This is not only a history of the Communist Party; it is also a history of Leninism, of what Lenin and Stalin contributed by way of developing Marxism in our time and making it the guiding line of the revolution and of socialist construction. The book has been called "an encyclopedia of the fundamentals of Marxism-Leninism." This is not an exaggeration. The book, a mature product of Marxist development in a vast country two decades after the social revolution, contains the essentials of what one ought to know about Marxism-Leninism, not as a set of doctrines embalmed in books, but as a living force transforming society. "Theory becomes a material force as soon as it has gripped the masses," says Marx. This book proves his statement convincingly.

The six conclusions set forth in the final chapter are of immense importance to others besides the Russians. This history, say the authors, teaches:

1. That the victory of the proletarian revolution, the victory of the dictatorship of the proletariat, is impossible without a revolutionary party of the proletariat, a party free from opportunism, irreconcilable towards compromisers and capitulators, and revolutionary in its attitude towards the bourgeoisie and its state power. . . .

2. That a party of the working class cannot perform the role of leader of its class, cannot perform the role of organizer and leader of the proletarian revolution, unless it has mastered the advanced theory of the working class movement, the Marxist-Leninist theory. . . .

3. That unless the petty-bourgeois parties which are active within the ranks of the working class and which push the backward sections of the working class into the arms of the bourgeoisie, thus splitting the unity of the working class, are smashed, the victory of the proletarian revolution is impossible. . . .

4. That unless the party of the working class wages an uncompromising struggle against the opportunists within its own ranks, unless it smashes the capitulators in its own midst, it cannot preserve the unity and discipline within its ranks, it cannot perform its role of organizer and leader of the proletarian revolution, nor its role as the builder of the new, socialist society. . . .

5. That the party cannot perform its role as leader of the working class if, carried away by success, it begins to grow conceited, ceases to observe the defects of its work, and fears to acknowledge its mistakes and frankly and honestly to correct them in good time. . . .

6. That unless it has wide connections with the masses, unless it constantly strengthens these connections, unless it knows how to hearken to the voice of the masses and understand their urgent needs, unless it is prepared not only to teach the masses, but to learn from the masses, a party of the working class cannot be a real mass party capable of leading the working class millions and all the laboring people. [Pages 353-362.]

Each of these conclusions is elucidated by examples and amplifications which space does not permit me to dwell on here. The whole

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The relation of the Bolsheviks to other parties and to the progressive movements within the peoples is amply characterized by the fact that the first Soviet government consisted of Bolsheviks and "Left" Socialist-Revolutionaries having connections with the peasantry. Only after the Socialist-Revolutionaries betrayed their allies and started an armed uprising against them was the agreement broken.

That the Bolsheviks have always striven to unite all the progressive movements of the people into one broad stream against the main enemy, the reactionary forces, is one of the major theses of the book:

> Only a party like the Bolshevik Party . . . could so skillfully merge [in 1917] into one common revolutionary torrent such diverse revolutionary movements as the general democratic movement for peace, the peasant democratic movement for the seizure of the landed estates, the movement of the oppressed nationalities for national liberation and national equality, and the socialist movement of the proletariat. [Page 213.]

With all its scholarly precision, with all the current of theory that runs through it, the book is eminently readable. This is only one more proof that clear thinking makes it possible to present the most serious material in an easily understandable form.

A unique book, indeed. An epoch-making book. The Russian copy on my desk bears the note: "Published in six million copies." But before I obtained the book I read the full text in two consecutive issues of the magazine *Bolshevik,* published in 550,000 copies. Large sections of the book were published in the daily *Pravda,* with a circulation of five million, and in other Russian papers and magazines. The first edition of the English translation in the United States was published a little over three months ago in 100,000 copies of which over seventy thousand have been sold to date, and the publishers plan another large

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printing in the autumn. At least fifty thousand copies of the book in languages other than English will be distributed in the United States. Millions of people outside of the USSR are studying it. It is reported that the book has been translated into twenty-eight different languages.

It is a book that serves both the person that is more or less acquainted with the Soviet Union and also the one wishing to get such acquaintance. It will be read by the former and studied by the latter. The English translation is good. MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

British Battalion

An English correspondent tells the story of "Britons in Spain."

WHEN the general back at the base draws a line on the staff map and moves some of his little colored flags forward, he is deciding the destinies of a number of men waiting, somewhere ahead, for orders. Military history up to now has been mainly concerned with the general and his little flags. *Britons in Spain,* by William Rust (International Publishers, $1) is the story of the men.

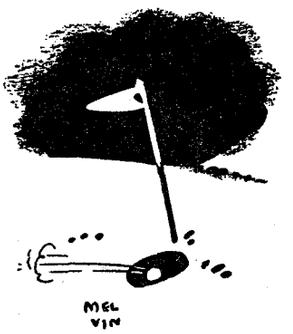
It is the story of the British Battalion of the International Brigade, of men from the black industrial North of England, from the mining valleys of Wales, from the shipyards of Clydebank and the slums of Dublin. Men from all classes, stations, trades, from every corner of the British Isles, formed this battalion, fought this fight, died this death, to free the British people of the mark of Cain that is branded on the foreheads of the statesmen of Western Europe. This is the story of their hectic training, their baptism of fire, their victories and their defeats; it is the story, too, of the missing, the prisoners, the wounded, and the dead.

It is above all the story of a British battalion, British as Old Bill, the grumbling cheerful type of the Poor Bloody Infantryman of the Great War. The humorous cynicism of their song about the Jarama which grew out of ten weeks of boredom and bombardment in the same trench—

> For 'tis there that we wasted our manhood
> And most of our old age as well.

must have reminded many an old soldier of the songs they sang in France. They exercised what the author calls "the traditional British right to grumble." When their insular stomachs revolted against rancid olive oil and beans, they decorated the mess with a banner, "An Army Well Led Is an Army Well Fed." Behind the trenches at Jarama the ground dipped, and here, to quote again, "It was no unusual sight to see a dozen chaps pretty well naked save for their boots, playing away at a football game with perfect indifference, while a sharp artillery-tank duel was taking place just a few hundred yards away."

This was a volunteer battalion. Very few of its members had any military training be-



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Reach for a pencil. Start making lists of everybody you know, getting a buck or more from them for a sub, and then get them to enter the contest too. It's really a sort of a giant Build NEW MASSES chain letter idea, isn't it?

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Everyone but NM staff members and their relatives is eligible.
2. The contest opens June 22 and closes September 4 (Labor Day).
3. Slogans must not exceed five words but may be less.
4. Here's how to qualify for the contest: Go to your friends, relatives, and professional acquaintances and convince them to become regular NEW MASSES readers. While you are showing them the magazine and talking about its fine points you will find yourself expressing its qualities in terms your listeners are interested in. This is what will make up the grand prize slogan—a sharp, terse, and dramatic description of the usefulness of the magazine to progressive people.

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   For every $2.50 six-month subscription you may submit two slogans.

   For every $4.50 yearly subscription you may submit three slogans.

   There is no limit to the number of slogans you may submit. Simply accompany them with the required number of cash subscriptions. The greater the number of slogans you submit, the greater your chance of winning the weekly prize of $10 and the grand prize of $100.00.

   If you are not a subscriber now, you may enter the contest by sending in your own yearly subscription ($4.50). If you are a subscriber, you may enter the contest merely by extending the life of your own current subscription for one year ($4.50).
5. The first contest winner will be announced in the issue of NEW MASSES that appears July 6. In that issue and in each of the next nine issues we will reprint the winning slogan and award the weekly prize of $10.00. One month after the closing date of the contest, we will announce the winner of the grand prize of $100.00.
6. All slogans submitted, whether winners or not, become the property of NEW MASSES, and cannot be returned. In the event of a tie for weekly or grand prize the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.
7. Judges of the contest will be three editors of NEW MASSES — Joseph North, A. B. Magil, Samuel Sillen. Their decisions are final.

Build New Masses Slogan Contest
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fore they arrived at the base; it was there, in the little park or on the outskirts of Albacete, that they learned the bare essentials, how to load, how to fix bayonets, how to run head down, and how to take advantage of the three-inch rise in the ground that will take the bullets meant for you. Their officers were men of the rank and file, and those who lived long enough to acquire really thorough experience of command were the exceptions. Yet this half-trained, ill-armed battalion showed in attack, defense, and retreat a military effectiveness that put the goosestepping conscripts of Mussolini to shame.

Their baptism of fire was surely the hottest any unit experienced in this most murderous of wars. At the end of the first day of action, their commander counted only 225 left standing of the six hundred who had gone up that morning. At the end of the third day of this Jarama battle, scattered and in retreat, they were rallied by an officer escaped from the hospital, and in a magnificent counter-attack recaptured from an entrenched enemy the positions which they had lost the day before. The story of this rally, told in this book by the Irish captain Frank Ryan, now a prisoner in Franco's hands, is an epic account of one of those military "miracles" which time and time again saved the republic, to the astonishment of the retired colonels and the flag-moving experts. It was no miracle; it was another proof that men who know what they are fighting for will fight longer and better than men who have only got a black shirt and a Leader and superior armaments.

The acid test of an army's discipline and morale is its conduct in retreat. If there is anything lacking in a unit, it will come out then. When the Roman legions faced, for the first time, equal armaments and superior generalship at Guadalajara, they broke and ran, leaving behind them their mechanized equipment, their blackshirted officers, their neatly typed orders for the day, the whole paraphernalia of fascist military efficiency. It was a turning point in world history, the first demonstration that ten years and more of arm-raising, flag-waving, and bootlicking had not given these Italians anything they thought worth fighting for. When the republic's front collapsed in Aragon, the British Battalion, faced with an offensive of much greater power, outflanked and out of contact with the rear, often without food and ammunition, retired fighting, like the other battalions of the People's Army; scattered units that had lost contact became their own generals and conducted their own campaign; single soldiers lost in that wilderness kept their rifles, took to the hills, and made their way back to the brigade.

William Rust, who wrote the book, was correspondent for the English *Daily Worker* in Spain. He knew the men of the battalion, in England, in action and out of it. He knows what war is like, and what it is all about. His book is complete with maps, illustrations, Roll of Honor, and an appendix of important documents. For Americans it is a timely re-

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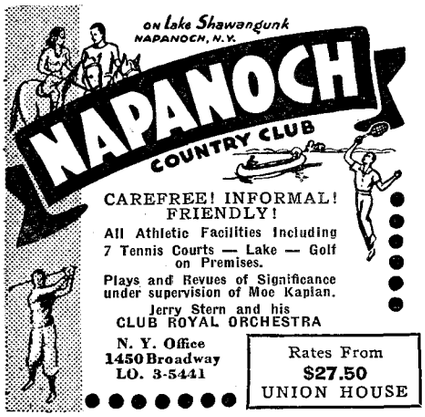

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minder that the British people which produced these men is alive to and ready for the tasks which confront it. The lights have not yet gone out in Europe; they shine clear and steady in the deeds of these men.

BERNARD WALKER.

J. D. Bernal

A British physicist on "The Social Function of Science."

NO MATTER how rich or poor you may be, you will not live as long as you could were all the knowledge that is now in the world utilized properly. And no matter how well you may feel, you could feel much better, and suffer much less if you got sick. Your social and intellectual life could be a thousand times more rational, interesting, and creative.

All scientists know this, no matter which branch of science they work in. They know that science has made it possible not only to produce plenty of food, clothing, and shelter for all who are now alive (and for a much larger world population) but also to enable people to live longer, healthier while they are alive, psychologically unstrained and non-frustrated, and what is most important of all, *actively and joyously* glad to be alive.

The scientists know all this. They also know that more than half of their research goes for purposes of destruction, and that the remaining half only indirectly makes life better for human beings. They also know that they are considered curious individuals with whom it is difficult to converse, who are tolerated only because they turn out useful gadgets. But very few scientists ever think that science need not be used for deleterious purposes, and that it is quite possible for science to be so diffused throughout society that everyone understands it.

Only a few scientists, even now, realize that science itself can be destroyed by such political systems as fascism, and that the scientist as an individual can be deprived of his job, arrested, persecuted, and exiled. Even fewer scientists believe that it is possible to get better wages, adequate tenure, and work in science for the sake of direct human benefit instead of dollar-and-cents profits to persons who do not even understand what science is.

Why do not all scientists realize these things? Why doesn't the public realize it? What can be done to make both scientists and the public aware that this great human tool, the scientific method, is not being utilized to one-billionth of its potentiality? How can we go about making scientists and the public aware?

In answer to these questions a very fine British physicist, J. D. Bernal, has written a book which will be a landmark in the social history of the future—*The Social Function of Science* (The Macmillan Co., $3.50). Being a scientist, he is particular about mustering facts and not relying upon *ipse dixits*. Therefore the first part of his book is a com-

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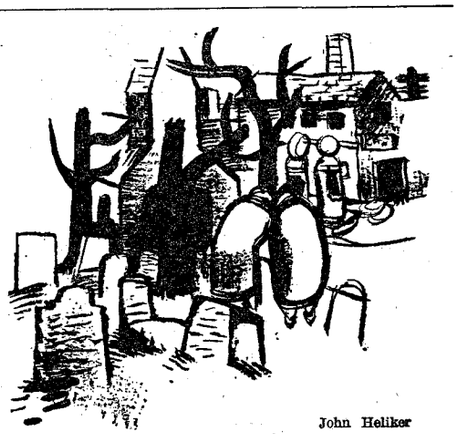
prehensive examination of the state of science in Great Britain—with allusions appropriate to the fact that science in other capitalist countries is very much the same. Thus he discusses how research is financed, under what auspices it occurs (university, government, and industry), what sort of problems it attacks—and with what results to humanity, and science. He discusses what sort of science education is offered in school and college and what sort of news about science is offered the public. These matters are treated with accurate and convincing detail.

The first half of his book shows that research is so uncoordinated that much of it is wasted. Also, that the fruits of research lie fallow and unused, if not actually buried in some corporation safe. Further, that about half of all research in Great Britain is connected, directly or indirectly, with armament and war. I think more is spent on research connected with poison gas than on medical research.

And he also shows, in detail, the miserable wages paid to research scientists, the insecurity of their jobs, the general atmosphere of charity in which they exist (when, as everyone knows, modern industrial life is impossible without science). He briefly appraises the state of science in most of the leading countries, paying special attention to what has actually happened to science in Germany and Italy, and, in splendid contrast, to what has happened to it in the USSR.

The last half of his book is devoted to what can be done about the enslavement of science and scientists. Professor Bernal declares, and I think irrefutably shows, that science can only be incorporated integrally with a culture under socialism. Meanwhile, there are some things which can be done, especially in the way of coordinating and planning research, financing it adequately, and giving it a direction away from armament, war, and the mean aspects of money grubbing. It is this portion of his book which will prove an inspiration to all those scientists who know something is wrong but who don't know what to do about it. And an inspiration to the public also, for Professor Bernal has been at some pains to indicate in detail how wonderful life could be *now* if only scientific knowledge were utilized and properly pursued.

HENRY HART.



John Heliker

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Two Better Movies

"They Shall Have Music," says Sam Goldwyn to Jascha Heifetz . . . The further adventures of Warner Brothers' Four Daughters.

CATCH Hollywood in good form and the first thing you know you have a formula. *Daughters Courageous,* Warners' new film, is an attempt to parlay the surprise win of *Four Daughters.* Double or nothing was the bet with two Epstein brothers on the script where you had but one twin before. For one doomed man, John Garfield, read two, with Claude Rains added. It is a beautiful race, without upsets. Although Garfield and Rains manage a spurt on the home stretch, the wise money is right. Jeffrey Lynn and Donald Crisp win the gals.

Philip and Julius Epstein are two of the wittiest dialogue writers in Hollywood and they provide Mr. Garfield with some delicious points of character and speech. He is Gabriel Lopez, son of a fisherman in Carmel, Calif., a happy-do-nothing lad with a way with the ladies and their pocketbooks. Fay Bainter is the mama of four strapping daughters who have been deserted twenty years before by their papa, Claude Rains. Donald Crisp, a local Rotarian, woos mama in the absence of Enoch Arden and things are set for the wedding when Rains suddenly comes home. What with the youngest girl, Priscilla, fascinated by Gabriel, there is trouble in the household. But the two scapegraces disappear and leave the family happy.

Mr. Garfield's role is ostensibly a sympathetic treatment of a first generation American as it is built up by the actor, his lines, and the director. But the idea of Gabriel Lopez is no challenge to chauvinism. He is, after all, the son of a fisherman who speaks broken English and he must accept his lot at the end. The screenwriters and the director have very commendably avoided suggesting any social inferiority and build up a plausible reason for his sacrifice. But I won't be satisfied until Jeffrey Lynn takes the fall and John Garfield gets the girl clean. This will be one way to pull a switch on the four-daughters formula.

The details in the film are excellent, the direction sensitive, and the acting quite superior. Fay Bainter has a direct quality that shows at its best here. The girls are charming as they should be and the male side is handled nicely.

Not as surprising at the original but well worth seeing.

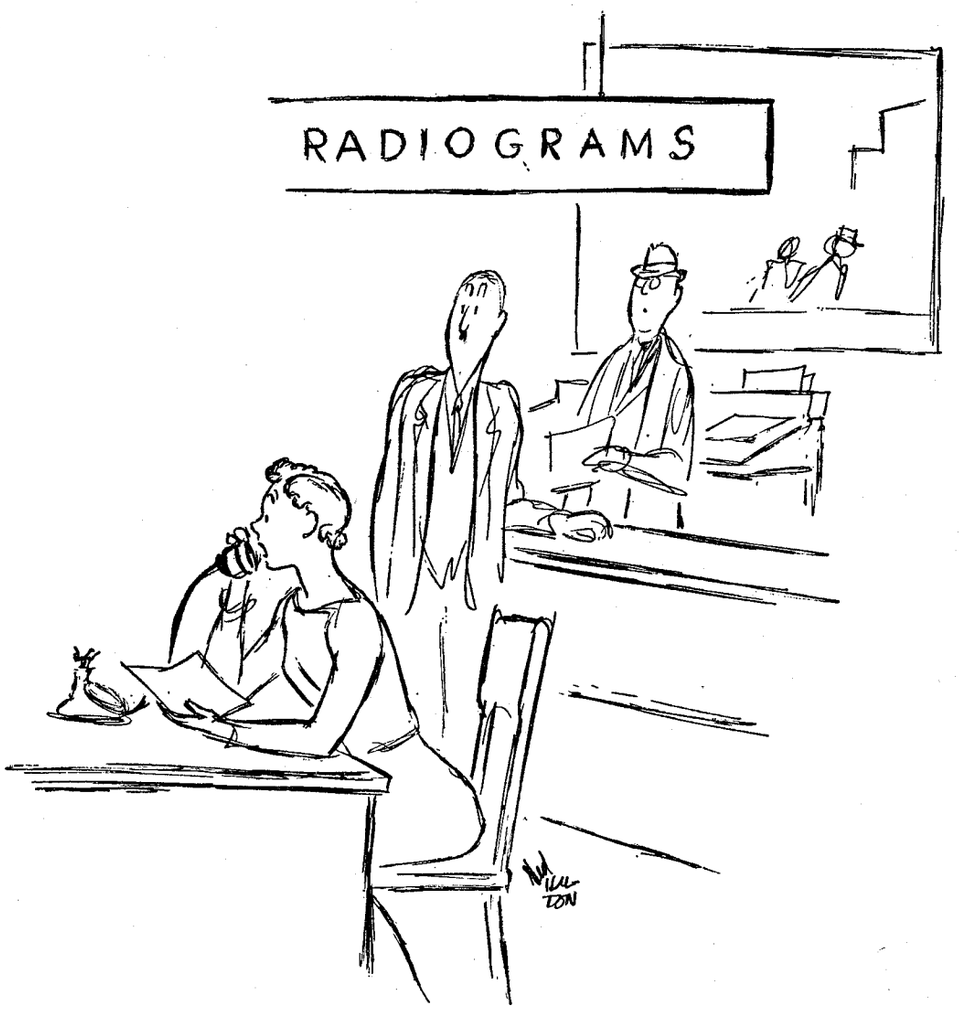
HEIFETZ SAVES THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Sam Goldwyn signed Jascha Heifetz last year for a film to be called *The Refugee,* which promised to establish Goldwyn among the producers alive to contemporary issues. But Sam got chilly feet and the picture he consequently made for Heifetz, *They Shall Have Music,* has more music than story. In showing how an idealistic little music school regenerates a slum boy by giving him free training on the violin, a nice little moral is hurt by a strange mixture of Dead End and gangster cliches. The music school, faced with extinction by its creditors, is saved at the last minute by a surprise appearance of Heifetz at the annual concert, where he plays Mendelssohn's *Concerto in E Minor* with the young symphony orchestra.

Essentially the story is a social one, but the dramatic devices used to convey it are not very fresh or inventive. Consider the heartless stepfather, the threat of reform school, the youthful gang with its headquarters on a barge, the snitch who blackmails the runaway boy by threatening to expose him to the police, the stray dog the boy picks up, the boy wandering homeless in the rain, and finally the burst of glory when Heifetz saves the altruistic Professor Lawson and his music school just as the wicked Mr. Flower is taking away the instruments in the midst of the concert.

There are several good devices also. As the school is threatened by the sheriff and police the proud mamas of the little musicians form a solid phalanx on the steps and shut the cops out.

The musical scenes are superb. In Heifetz' first number, *Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso* by Saint-Saens, the camera closes up on his amazing fingering, the digits dancing about so nimbly that they seem independent of the bow hand. The recording is quite good for his other selections, *Hora Staccato* of Dinicu-Heifetz, his own arrangement of Ponce's *Estrellita,* and Tschaikowsky's *Melodie.* The children's symphony, used liberally in the music school scenes, is the Peter Merem-



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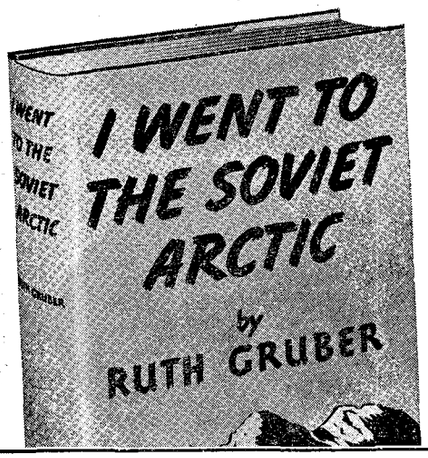

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blum California Junior Symphony Orchestra, a fine bunch of kids. The director, Archie Mayo, uses some of the children in semi-dramatic bits, getting the kind of honest effect with them that is rarely seen in American movies. The acting is pleasant and negligible, with Joel McCrae and Andrea Leeds dragged in for no particular purpose. Gene Reynolds, as the slum boy, and Walter Brennan, as the kindly Professor Lawson, do nice jobs. Heifetz is allowed to play Heifetz, but mostly the violin, for which music lovers will be grateful to Messrs. Goldwyn and screenwriter John Howard Lawson. JAMES DUGAN.

On the Air

"Art and the News," a new series. . . . Arch Oboler's plays.

LAST week marked the beginning of a new NBC series, titled *Art and the News* and conducted by Dr. Bernard Meyers of New York University. Presented in cooperation with the National Art Society, the series started off with a timely discussion of art in Germany.

It seems that despite all the publicized destruction of art treasures in Naziland, many of them are finding their way into other European and American galleries. It would appear that in spite of the contaminating influence of certain art forms upon the delicate esthetic sensibilities of Hitler and his hoodlums, these cultured gentlemen are not above lining their pockets with the proceeds of art sales.

In contrast with the Third Reich policies, Dr. Meyers described the encouragement and opportunity being offered the artists of this country. Dr. Meyers is a decidedly likable radio personality, and talks with a directness and persuasiveness that lend flavor to his subject, although he might be a bit more distinct at times. If he will bear in mind that his subject matter should continue to hold lay interest as well as professional appeal—a difficult undertaking for a topic of this character—this six o'clock, Wednesday evening broadcast should make a stimulating fifteen-minute spot.

Arch Oboler continues to get away from the trite themes that characterize the usual radio drama. In a second series of plays, now being presented over the NBC network, Oboler again proves that by using a little thought it is possible to avoid as a major situation the eternal boy-meets-girl formula.

In his first group, Oboler analyzed, in the main, the present garbled European setup through the medium of such plays as *Crazytown, The Immortal Gentleman,* and *The Engulfed Cathedral. Crazytown* was the best of these. It stressed the influence of fascist powers in arousing the conquering instincts of youth to the glory of war, and at the same time developed the brutal effect of such a policy upon innocent and pacific populations.

Another play in this series was divided into three short sketches which were specially

Coming

The editors of *New Masses* present the following major features scheduled to appear in early issues.

Father Coughlin

Wellington Roe, noted writer, novelist, peers beneath the cassock of the fascist priest of Royal Oak and tells some unprinted facts about Father Coughlin, America's Number One Anti-Semite.

Westbrook Pegler

Dale Kramer has just finished polishing off George Sokolsky—now he has sharpened his pen again and written a factual, fast-reading analysis about the man who hates everybody including himself. The double chins under Pegler's eyes will quiver with fury when he reads Kramer's piece—but our readers will gain a new insight into the man who was "bitten by an income tax bug when he was very young."

Laski Fights Fascism

Prominent member of the national executive of the Labour Party of England, alderman of the Borough Council of Fulham, one of the founders of the Left Book Club, prominent historian, contributes a personal evaluation which tells of his efforts to fight the growing menace of fascism. Part of the "I Fight Fascism Series."

Actors Fight

Ferment in the American Federation of Actors. Billy Rose's aquacade swimmers are mad. Sophie Tucker laughs and cries at stormy AFA meetings. A new rank and file actors organization springs up and they call themselves The Ferrets. *New Masses* takes cognizance of this unusual situation in the ranks of the organized actors with a timely article which peeks behind the scenes and gives our readers some new facts on the status of this unusual union situation.

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broadcast coast-to-coast in connection with the Third American Writers Congress. The first of the set, *The Laughing Man,* was particularly good. It dealt with a period twenty thousand years from tomorrow in which a character of that time laughs at the uncivilized practices of the era 1939. The second of the skits was called *The Steel Worker,* and concerned the emotions of a millhand who enjoyed making steel, but became broken and disillusioned when he learned that the mill was to be converted into a war plant.

These plays suggest the stimulating type of social drama in which Oboler is now interested, and are rather a far cry from the blood curdler, *Lights Out,* which at one time greatly added to his reputation. His second series, three of which have already been presented, will also involve matters of social significance.

The first play, *The Luck of Mark Street,* took up the question of heredity and environment and their effect upon the lives of children. His second offering, *The Visitor from Hades,* endeavored to emphasize how straitened economic circumstances may threaten the domestic lives of a young married couple.

Future themes will treat the question of unemployment and similar social problems; and if they maintain the same quality that distinguishes the previous plays, listeners will be looking forward to these ten o'clock, Saturday evening broadcasts.

JOHN VERNON.

Dilly Dali

Grover Whalen won't let Dali have a fish-headed Venus.

THE action of the World's Fair management in forbidding Salvadore Dali to exhibit his surrealist circus on Flushing fen was like flaunting a red flag in front of a Minotaur. Dali has replied with a manifesto entitled *Declaration of the Independence of the Imagination and the Rights of Man to His Own Madness.* The document urges artists to fight back, to "Loose the blinding lightning of your anger and the avenging thunder of your paranoiac inspiration!" Although we find the surrealist Billy Rose an entertaining poet, we doubt if the thousands of artists who have just been cut from WPA will have time to loose the blinding lightning of their anger on Dali's finny frustration. "The color of old absinthe will dominate the year 1941," says Dali. "Everything will be greenish. 'Green, I want you green'—green water, green wind, green ermine, green lizards swollen with sleep and gliding along the green skin and the dazzling decolletes of insomnia, green silver plate, green chocolate, green the agonizing electricity that sears the live flesh of civil wars, green the light of my own Gala!" Even the Catalan greenhorn may be right but most of us are trying to keep the year 1941 from being dominated by a nice Father Coughlin brown. The WPA artists would like to have some green vegetables along with their dazzling decolletes of insomnia.

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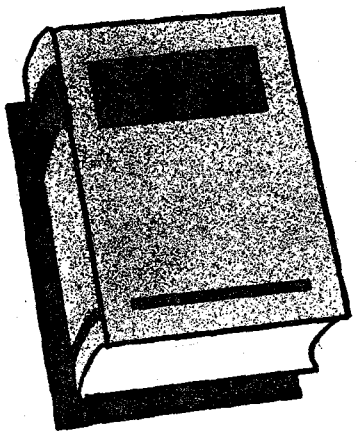
A  GIFT TO YOU

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